TWENTY CENTS JULY 14, 1951

Saturday Review

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THE PRESS and the GREAT DEBATE

By ELMO ROPER

OF LITERATURE

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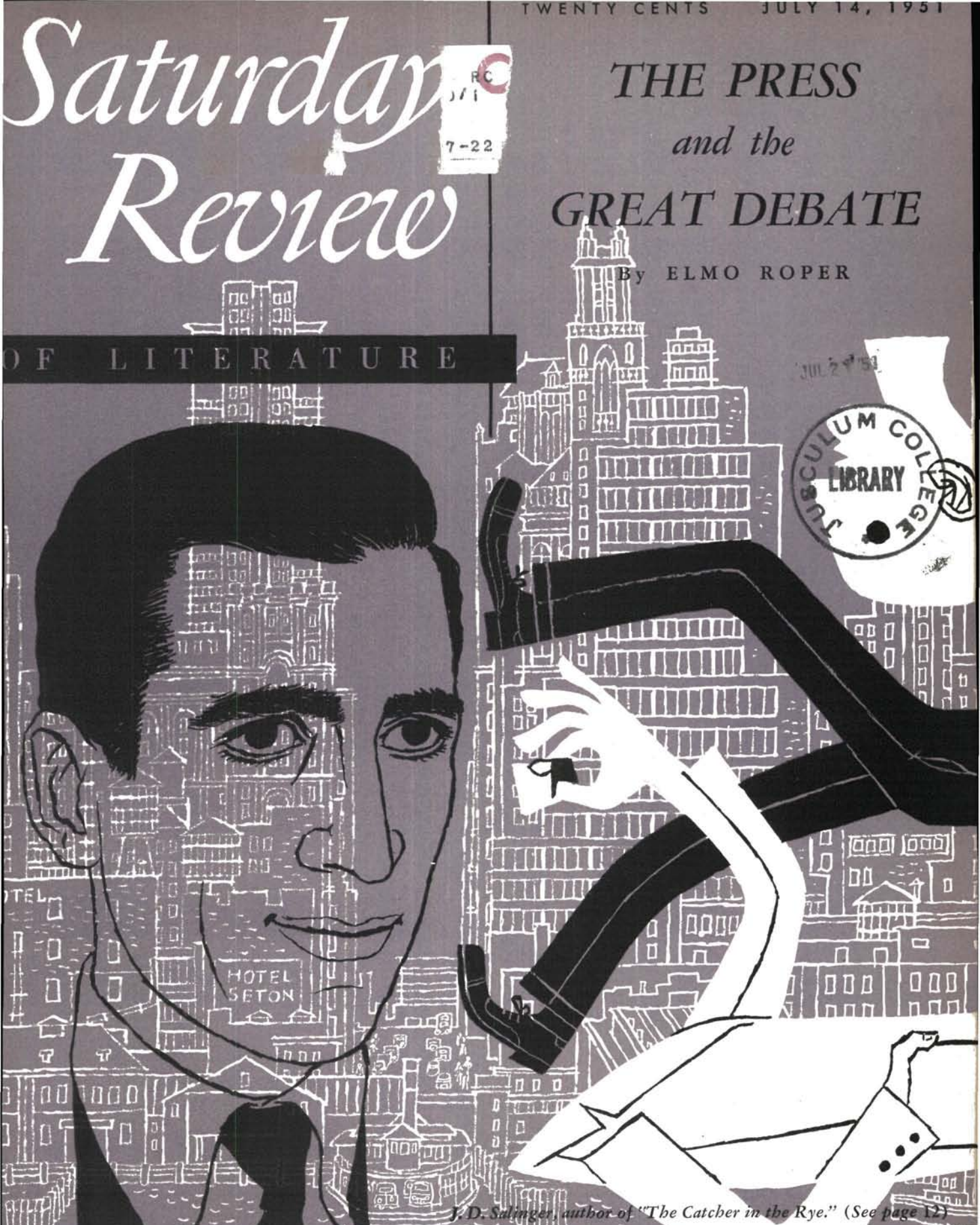

J. D. Salinger, author of "The Catcher in the Rye." (See page 12)

Spotlight on Crime

A Review of Estes Kefauver's "Crime in America" and "The Kefauver Committee Report on Organized Crime"

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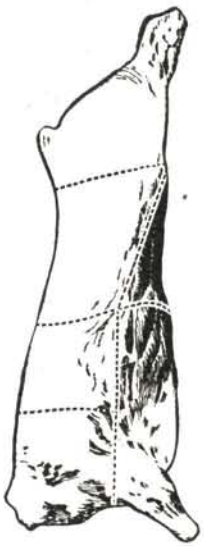
MEAT PRICES . . . from steer to steak

These prices are averages for 1950, the last full year for which figures are available.

Cattle are not all beef . . . Beef is not all steak



	RETAIL LBS.	PRICE	TOTAL
Porterhouse steak	40	$1.05	$42.00
Sirloin steak	50	.95	47.50
Round steak	80	.90	72.00
Rib and rump roasts	70	.75	52.50
Chuck roast	100	.65	65.00
Hamburger, stew beef	160	.55	88.00
Fats	40	.05	2.00
	540	.68	

1000 lbs. Steer = **600 lbs. Beef** = **540 lbs. Retail Cuts**

at 30¢ per lb. | **at 47¢ per lb.** | **(including shop fats)**

Packer pays | **Retailer pays** | **Consumer pays**

$300.00 | **$282.00*** | **$369.00**

To insure an adequate livestock supply, returns to cattle raisers and feeders must cover maintenance of breeding stock, death losses, feed and labor costs, land use, taxes, interest, supplies, equipment and the other expenses for the three full years it takes to produce and feed a good-grade steer.

*Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, fertilizer, etc., typically offsets packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that the beef from a steer normally sells at wholesale for less than the live animal cost.

Retail markup must cover such costs as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc., as well as shrinkage in weight of beef carcass when converted into retail cuts. Prices are averaged. In some stores they were lower. In some charge-and-deliver stores or in high-cost areas, they were higher.

Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Chicago, during 1950.

Naturally, in these inflationary times, many people are wondering about livestock and meat prices.

The chart above answers a lot of questions about these prices during times when the law of supply and demand is in effect and full-scale competition is hard at work.

It shows that the packer sold beef for less than he paid for the animal on the hoof. This is true most of the time.

The reason, of course, is efficiency in saving by-products as well as meat—by-products such as hides for leather, pituitary glands for insulin, and many, many others.

This is one of the reasons why meat normally moves from farmer to packer to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food.

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This Week

July 14, 1951

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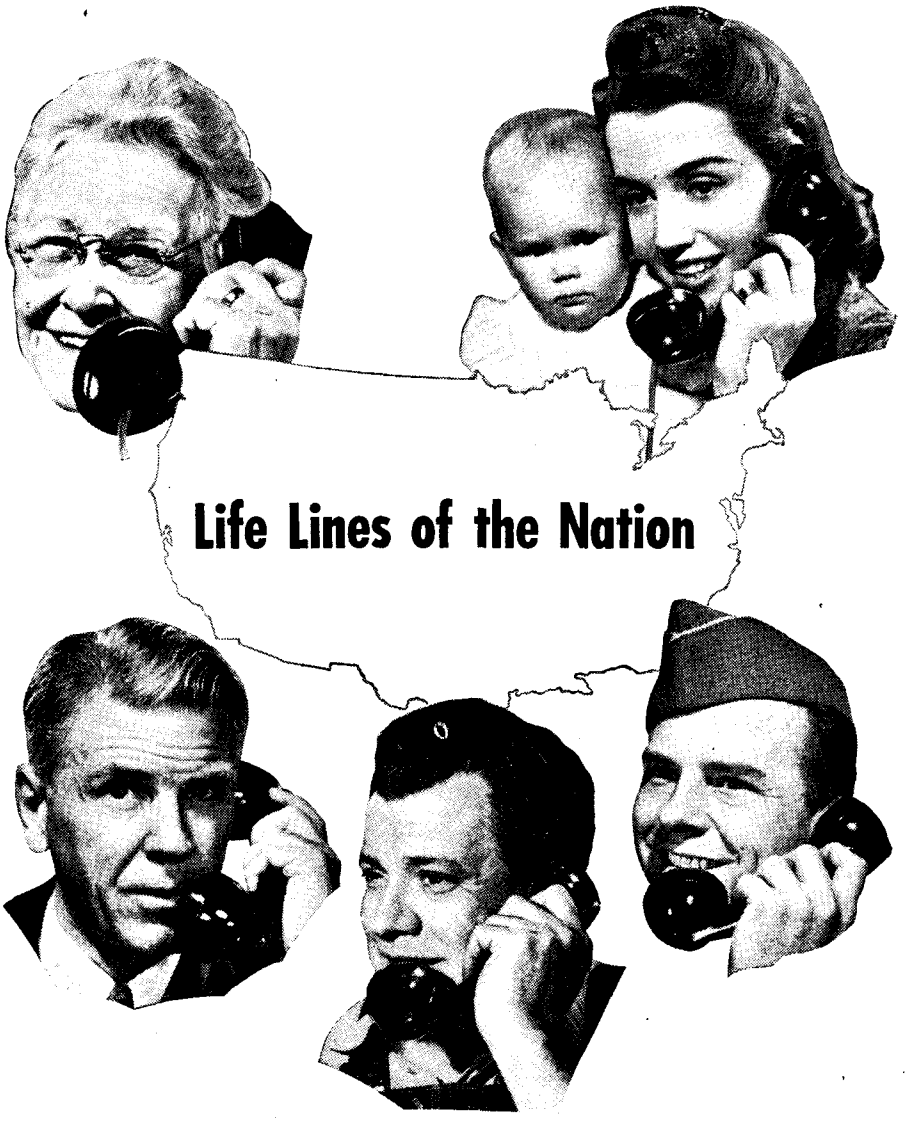
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 28, July 14, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.



Telephone lines are the life lines of the Nation. Day and night they unite millions of people. They are a vital, increasing part of national defense.

Because telephone service is so essential, we'd like to talk to you very frankly about two things that make it possible. They are reasonable rates and earnings.

Without reasonable rates, there is no way to continue the good service you know today. Without reasonable earnings, there is no way to make it better.

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Summer Stretch

THERE once was a man who was a big shirt manufacturer in Dubuque and dreamed of going to sea. He settled for a Mississippi river boat, and because he is the kind of person who could see the humor in a sewing machine, wrote a warm, hilarious account of the adventures of hard-boiled river boat men and warm-blooded river town girls in one of the funniest books we've ever reprinted. Some critics compare this author to Mark Twain, others insist he's more like Herman Melville. We think he's sheer delight, and this month hundreds of thousands of people can make up their own minds when they sample the 25c Signet edition of *A Stretch On The River* by Richard Bissell. Try it—we think you'll find it's irresistible entertainment.

• There's a young man who lives in Greenville, Mississippi, who's always wantd to be a writer, and now devotes himself to writing novels that have appealed to discriminating critics who compare him to William Faulkner. We believe in him so much that this month we're publishing a huge first printing of Shelby Foote's *Follow Me Down,* a brilliant novel of a crime of passion in a tiny Southern town. It's a book which may well establish Foote's reputation with the millions who read Signet Books.

• There's a magazine editor in New York who spends her time thinking and writing about antiques in the Magazine *Antiques.* To Alice Winchester, antiques are more than old pieces of furniture, they're a dramatic expression of America's changing cultural needs and standards. All this and more is admirably set forth in her new Mentor Book, *How To Know American Antiques,* which is being published simultaneously as a 35c Mentor Book and a Dodd, Mead trade edition. The book is delightfully illustrated by Pauline W. Inman, and is the first comprehensive handbook on American antiques ever to be published in the low-priced, paper-bound book field.

Each of these three fine writers is being introduced to the vast audience for low-priced 25c and 35c Signet and Mentor Books this month. These editions illustrate The New American Library's policy of publishing "Good Reading For The Millions." Signet and Mentor Books are sold at 100,000 bookstores and newsstands throughout the country. Write for a complete catalog.

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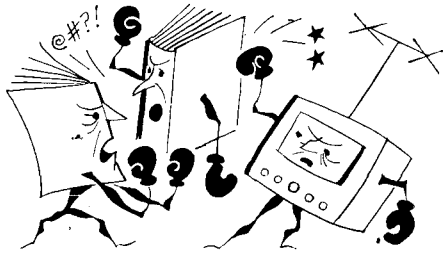
TRADE Winds

CHICAGO INTERLUDE

VISITING in turn in the course of a two-day stay in Chicago the Television Association, a convention of important magazine distributors, and a Book and Author Luncheon of the *Sun-Times* and keeping my ears open all the while I was able to learn definitely that (1) the relatively low cost of magazines is retarding the development of high-class TV serials, (2) TV is a blow straight to the fiction magazines' solar plexus, and (3) the book business is the bleeding victim of both of them. In addition, Chicago TV men complain that no sooner do they develop an original program than it's whisked off

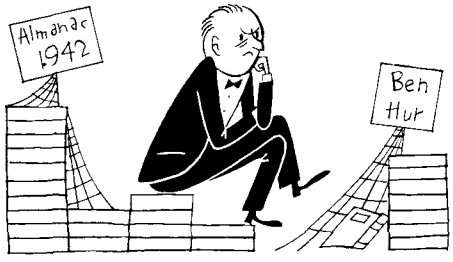


to New York or Hollywood. True, they still have the brilliant Kukla, Fran, and Ollie and Garroway (who is getting just a little too cute and casual for this jaundiced observer), but the Windy City impresarios suspect raiding parties in the offing. . . . Isn't it lucky, I reflected as I moved from one group to the other, that there's always some villain in another industry on whom we can blame the inefficiency and shortcomings of our own! How much easier it is for a publisher to say, "Television and paper-backed quarter books are knocking our business for a loop," than, "Results indicate that we've been sponsoring too much hogwash and exploiting it, furthermore, by antiquated and inadequate methods." . . . It's like a bookseller I called on recently whose windows contained flyspecked books that had stopped selling six months earlier and whose store looked as though it hadn't been swept in a year. "I'd be sitting pretty," he grumbled, "if it wasn't for those book clubs. There ought to be a law!"

THE LITERARY LUNCHEONS of the *Sun-Times* at the Blackstone are a huge success; over five hundred applicants were turned away from the last one. Emmett Dedmon is about as polished and resourceful an M.C. as I've ever seen in action and displays a dramatic flair that he undoubtedly has picked up since doubling as his paper's theatre critic. . . . After Henry Morton Robinson and a charming local authoress named Lillian Budd had strutted their stuff Emmett spirited us off backstage to watch Irene Bordoni assume the role of Bloody Mary in the Chicago company of "South Pacific." It seemed like peculiar casting on paper, but Miss Bordoni was wonderful. And whether seen from out front or behind the scenes—what a show "South Pacific" is! Rodgers and Hammerstein's alert press representative, Al Butler, predicted, "This thing will go on running forever," and he may be right!

MARSHALL FIELD, JR., and his lovely bride, Kay, hosted a memorable dinner party, at which I met Jack Knight, the dynamic and irresistible Mr. Big of the *Chicago News,* etc. (and could I say less about the gent who runs my Cerf Board column in his paper?). . . . It was fascinating to listen to the proprietors of two of Chicago's three leading newspapers exchanging views and predicting who the candidates were going to be in 1952. (Big secret: they don't know any more about it than you or I do!). . . . Another interesting guest was Genevra Pirie, who, as readers of Arthur Mizener will recall, was Scott Fitzgerald's first dream-girl in his salad days in St. Paul. Mrs. Pirie told me of her first reunion with Fitzgerald in Hollywood after a lapse of eighteen years. "And where do you think he took me for lunch?" she added in a tone still trembling with shocked surprise. "The MGM commissary!" I assured her that there must be ten thousand beauties in Hollywood today who would give their eyeteeth to be invited to a meal at that same MGM commissary.

I DIDN'T HAVE TIME on this trip to visit the book trade in Chicago, but I did learn that Rose Oller and Bob Bangs are



planning some big things to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Field's in 1952. And Papa Kroch has stepped out of retirement for the ninth consecutive season to carry on while Carl and Jeanette trip the light fantastic in the East. The Krochs don't worry too much about competing mediums. They're busy improving their own service. That's why their stores are always crowded. . . . Bill Goodpasture was nowhere in sight (probably out rooting

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for the White Sox), and Guy Kendall was reading his little black record book in New York. . . . Mary Jane Ward, returned from Acapulco, has redone her living room in a Mexican motif. I bet I can guess the locale of her next novel! . . . Fanny Butcher and Mignon Eberhart have invested some of their millions in a jointly-owned apartment house in the swankiest North Side district. . . . David Mayer, the Dufy of Illinois, was honored by a one-man show at the Glencoe Library. Bidding was brisk. . . . Floyd Nourse reminded me of the Windy City bookseller who cautioned his salesmen, "I've ordered 300 copies of 'What an Expectant Mother Should Know,' and I'm counting on you boys to create a demand for them."

WHILE I WAS IN CHICAGO the *Sun-Times* picked up a story from the Winnipeg *Free Press* that will rile the loyal members of the Baker Street Irregulars. "Dr. W. T. Williams, in preparing a Sherlock Holmes exhibit as part of the London Festival," it began, "has encountered a number of very serious errors in the immortal sleuth's deductions. Take 'The Case of the Speckled Band' as an example. Holmes terms the snake that plays a vital part therein as 'a swamp adder, the deadliest snake in India.' Readers will recall that Dr. Roylott used this snake to murder a stepdaughter and was only restrained by the redoubtable Holmes from repeating his second crime on a second stepdaughter. Roylott did the job by sending the adder through a ventilator in the victim's bedroom. Once inside, the snake climbed down a bell rope, bit the stepdaughter, and was called back up the rope and out of the ventilator by a low, clear whistle. Roylott, having recovered the snake, gave it a saucer of milk. To begin with, snakes are deaf. Furthermore, snakes do not care for milk. Still further, they cannot climb up and down ropes.

"That should make Mr. Holmes's face red. But in addition there is the worm in a matchbox that drove Isadora Persano insane. Zoologists cannot imagine such a worm and are agreed that

Holmes must have been thinking of a venomous centipede—though how so large an insect would fit into a matchbox is not clear.

"Then there is the orchid in the 'Hound of the Baskervilles'—the orchid that Dr. Watson plucked for Mrs. Stapleton in the month of October. The only orchid which meets the case, it has been found, is the *Orchis Praetermissa* which, alas, flowers only in August."

THE CHICAGO LITERARY world sustained a deep loss in the death of Kelsey Guilfoil, whose reviews were such an outstanding feature of the *Tribune*'s book section. Kelsey endured a lifetime of suffering with a fortitude and cheerfulness that inspired everyone who met him. . . . Another gallant fighter who passed on was Maggie (Mrs. Arthur) Kober, a gay, loyal girl, who devoted herself to everything brightest in life and literature. Her rare quality asserted itself most notably when her nurse told her one morning, "I was proud of you last night, Mrs. Kober. So many patients who have suffered the way you have have begged the doctor to make it possible for them to take their own lives." "I wanted to, but I couldn't," said Maggie. "You must have forgotten that the doctor's own daughter committed suicide several years ago. It wouldn't have been kind to remind him of that." This is a story that always brings a lump in my throat. I don't believe it can be retold too often.

BECAUSE THE WEATHER was bad I abandoned the notion of flying home and at the last moment got a car-end compartment on the *Twentieth Century*. Here's a friendly tip to future travelers on the New York Central: if you can't get a mid-car location on the *Century* take a slower train. I defy anyone to get a decent night's sleep in a *Century* Compartment "A." There were some stretches, in fact, where I jiggled and bounced so badly I had the frightening illusion I was riding the Pennsylvania!

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 421

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 421 will be found in the next issue.

QSYWDSGSPB XM

GTIAIGPNA SQ ZX

TSZOAIZGN PX QLHPDNPB

XM SZPNDDNGP.

—FXTZ, KSQGXLZP YXADNB.

Answer to Crypt No. 420

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Press and the Great Debate

A Survey of Correspondents in the Truman-MacArthur Controversy

ELMO ROPER & LOUIS HARRIS

THE newsman's bible demands that he get his facts straight and report them accurately. But reporters are also people, and beneath what has probably inaccurately been described as a veneer of cynicism for most men and events they have opinions on the happenings they write about. Since their business is to be informed theirs certainly ought to be among the best-informed opinions to be found.

With this in mind *The Saturday Review of Literature* sent out a questionnaire to the press corps in Tokyo-Korea, in Washington, and at the United Nations on certainly one of the most controversial episodes in recent American history: the recall of General Douglas MacArthur. Some 332 members of the working press sent in their opinions. If American public opinion at large on this issue can be described as in a fluid and emotional state subject to sharp gyrations, then by contrast the composite mind of American reporters is made up and non-fluid. Of course, that doesn't mean there aren't a good many differences of opinion between individual newsmen.

Appraisals of MacArthur range from *The New York Times*'s Arthur Krock, who summed up his views with, "He [MacArthur] is an incorrigible egotist with the aristocratic concept of social systems," to Bascom Timmons of the *Houston Chronicle*, who wrote of the deposed General, "His restraint has been admirable." Both Krock and Timmons are veterans of at least twenty years' reporting on the Washington scene. But when all the individual answers to the series of questions are added up it is evident that the overwhelming majority of the American press corps in Korea-Tokyo, Washington, and the United Nations is convinced of the soundness of the Truman decision to recall MacArthur.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review *has always considered the American newspaper and periodical press to be part of its sphere of proper editorial interest. Since the end of World War II it is doubtful whether any event has been more prominently headlined and treated in the press than the dismissal of General MacArthur and the resultant great debate on American foreign policy. For its possible value as part of the historic record,* The Saturday Review *has undertaken a survey of the men who were called upon to report and interpret various aspects of the event. Correspondents in Tokyo and Korea, in Washington, and those assigned to the United Nations, were asked to answer a series of specific questions covering their own opinions. The editors are gratified to report that only a small number of correspondents failed to cooperate in the survey. The results of the poll were tabulated outside this office and turned over to Elmo Roper Associates for the analysis that follows.*

Names mentioned in the following article are done with the express permission of the correspondents themselves. Otherwise, quotations are without attribution.

The Event

BY BETTER than six to one the correspondents believe President Truman was right when he recalled General MacArthur last April.

The main reason Truman was right, the reporters said, was that MacArthur obviously didn't agree with American policies, and we must preserve the Constitutional right of the Commander-in-Chief to remove an insubordinate general. Kenneth Scheibel of Gannett newspapers, reporting from Washington, summed up a good deal of the feeling when he wrote, "General MacArthur had forgotten the first rule of the soldier: obey. Whether in G. I. or general, this cannot be tolerated." Or, as James M. O'Neil, Jr. of the Scripps-Howard *Washington Daily News* put it, "President Truman was absolutely justified in removing MacArthur in that the General was writing his own policy with complete, almost treasonous disregard for the Administration and his Commander-in-Chief. Truman's right to fire MacArthur, whether justified or not, was given him by the Constitution, as every intelligent person knows."

Easily the number-one reason given for supporting the President in each of the news centers was the need to maintain civilian control over military. But among the Korean correspondents another major justification for MacArthur's removal was given. Several reporters said that they thought the General's competence in handling the Korean War demanded his ouster, that his abilities as a military commander had become questionable. John Dominis of *Life* magazine summed up much of this feeling when he wrote from Korea, "Truman was right not only because of Mac-

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Truman on the Recall of MacArthur

	Right	*Wrong*	*No Opinion*
	%	%	%
Total Correspondents	85	13	2
Correspondents In:			
Washington	85	14	1
Korea-Japan	76	21	3
United Nations	87	8	5

Arthur's differences of opinion with the Joint Chiefs but because of his Yalu River mistake, his aloofness with the troops, which failed to inspire them, and his complete non-concern over the morale of his troops. His one man show inspired few in his command."

A common feeling among Washington correspondents was that Truman fired MacArthur none too soon. In fact, many said it should have been sooner, indicating that they had become impatient with the MacArthur pronouncements well before April 11. Others felt that Truman waited until the very last minute and was, in effect, as one correspondent put it, "forced to take precipitate action under the pressure of immediate circumstances."

But, if some reporters felt that Truman was right in taking the action he did because a general had flouted civilian rule, because MacArthur had not shown full competence in the military handling of the fighting in Korea, and because the General was creating a serious division among allied powers (this reason was particularly strong at the U. N.), most of the correspondents also had critical words to say about the manner in which MacArthur was removed. "Right, but, of course, the removal was pitifully clumsy and left unnecessary scars," was the way one Washington reporter put it. Or as Hugh Schuck of the New York *Daily News* said, "Right, but very wrong in his method. It should have been done quietly, before it became a public issue."

It is the feeling of many reporters that the President chose the bluntest, most untactful way possible of removing MacArthur. Several were critical of the fact that the news leaked out in Tokyo before the General was officially notified. Others reconstructed how they think Roosevelt would have handled the affair. Generally, they thought FDR either would have brought MacArthur back to Washington for a conference on the Japanese Peace Treaty and would have relieved him of his Korean command on the pretext of his being preoccupied with the treaty, or someone such as Bradley or Marshall would have been sent out to Japan to confer with MacArthur, tell him that the President was contemplating recalling him, and with MacArthur himself work out an arrangement. "But that's Truman," as one reporter said. James Free of the *Birmingham News* pointed out, "As on many another occasion, the decision was delayed too long and delivered too bluntly."

There were, of course, those 13 per cent who disagreed with the President's decision, such as the *Chicago Tribune's* U. N. correspondent, Chesly Manly, who charged, "It was an impetuous act, motivated by petty animosities within the Administration and subservient to foreign influence." As a matter of fact, most of those who thought Truman was wrong thought the way the recall was carried out was the worst part of it. Several compared it with the way a "machine boss from Kansas City would have made a midnight decision in a smoked-filled room."

But, for all the cricitism of the way it was handled, on the act of recall itself the working press in the three news capitals overwhelmingly supported Harry Truman, and many thought he should have done it sooner.

The Repercussions

IT IS ONE thing to say that Truman was right in removing MacArthur, but it might be something else again to say that good resulted from the recall in all parts of the world. So *SRL* asked correspondents another series of questions designed to obtain their estimates of the effects of the firing on the Far East, the U. N., the American people, and world opinion

All three groups were asked whether they thought the General's removal had harmed or helped U.S. influence in the Far East.

It is significant that only among those correspondents in Japan and Korea did more say that the action harmed rather than helped American influence in the Far East. However, it is equally significant that no more than 36 per cent of the reporters in any news center surveyed believed the MacArthur ouster did harm.

"It harmed our influence," one reporter in Japan explained, "because (1) MacArthur was greatly respected by the Japanese and for that reason by the Communists, who saw him as a great force on America's side in the Orient, and (2) because his ouster served to air our strategy and just plain dirty linen that reflected upon the unity of America's high command." Several reported that the Japanese were shocked at the news of the recall, although few thought that they didn't soon get over it. Others thought it would take a good while longer for government heads in Japan and the Philippines to "overcome the reliance they had in MacArthur as a symbol of friendship and anti-Communism."

Recall of MacArthur Effect on Far East

	Helped U.S. Influence	*Harmed U.S. Influence*	*Neither Harmed nor Helped*	*No Opinion*
	%	%	%	%
Total Correspondents	37	22	31	10
Correspondents In:				
Washington	36	23	31	10
Korea-Tokyo	26	36	38	
United Nations	43	15	27	15

However, some reporters in Tokyo believe that the effect of the removal will actually help U. S. influence, not only throughout the rest of Asia but in Japan itself. One of these correspondents wrote: "I have found in recent extensive travels around Japan that MacArthur's recall has had a salutary effect in that the Japanese have suddenly discovered that American policy, its beneficence and generosity, was not the work of a single man but the considered national policy."

But in the main the reasons given in Tokyo and in Washington for the removal having helped U. S. influence was that it assured the non-Communist governments of Southeast Asia and of India that we didn't want to spread the war in Korea. United Press Washington correspondent David Briggs summed up this feeling in these words: "In the politically sensitive areas of Southeast Asia we were seen eschewing Western 'conquest and colonialism.' In Japan the lack of dis-

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mayed protest was almost an audible sigh of relief. In the Korean War the U. N. morale and military position were remarkably uninfluenced."

Among correspondents at the United Nations there were almost no worries about the reaction of the Japanese, and, in fact, it was at this news center that the largest number (38 per cent) said they thought the removal helped U. S. influence in the Far East. The 15 per cent who said they believed MacArthur's removal hurt us in Asia were chiefly worried over the possibility that the Administration might try to appease the General and his supporters by adopting his policies. Several cited the Dean Rusk speech as an illustration of their fears. It is evident that members of the working press are chiefly worried about possible adverse reaction in the Far East to the President's move. Nowhere did an actual majority of the reporters say that the action helped American influence in Asia.

But as far as our influence in world affairs and at the United Nations is concerned there were few such fears. At the United Nations a solid majority of 69 per cent of the correspondents reported that the efforts of the international organization to maintain world peace and end the Korean War have been strengthened. And a still larger 77 per cent said that cooperation among the non-Communist nations at the United Nations had been enhanced by Truman's decisive step. As the *Chicago Sun-Times*'s Irving Pflaum put it, "The recall showed that the United States Government was determined to try to prevent larger war even at great political sacrifice internally."

The Washington press corps was asked if the MacArthur episode had helped or harmed our influence in world affairs, and a clear majority of 58 per cent replied that our prestige had been enhanced. As one correspondent wrote: "It all showed a unity of purpose, emotional maturity in international policy, a wirld outlook, and important concern for the views and friendship of our allies. These are a basis for trust—which is the most genuine basis for influence." Others pointed out that by the President's actions our allies were assured that we would not take unilateral steps leading to war in the Far East and that the United States had clarified for the world just who was Commander-in-Chief. Many emphasized that they thought our influence in Europe had been especially helped.

But some 15 per cent of the Washington reporters replied that they thought the President's recall of MacArthur had hurt our worldwide prestige. One summed it up thit way, "The midnight ride of Harry Truman made us look like a bunch of fools." Another was more specific. "It was harmful because of the display of disunity here at home and the disclosure of military and diplomatic secrets to the Russians as a result of the hearings."

However, a fairly large 27 per cent thought United States influence was neither helped nor harmed. Vance Johnson, Washington correspondent of *The San Francisco Chronicle*, put it this way: "I would suspect the immediate effect has been harmful; revelation of such deep divisions within the United States could hardly be otherwise. But in the long run we may be better off for it. Only a country of great moral and spiritual fiber could survive such a washing of dirty linen as this." Reporter Johnson was not alone in his anxieties over the deep controversy which has been caused here among our own people. The correspondents seemed to be as much concerned over the probable repercussions in the United States as they were about the event's impact abroad.

The American People Finally Will:

	Total United Nations, Washington correspondents
Approve the President's Action	72%
Disapprove the President's Action	16%
Depends on Outcome in Korea	3%
No Opinion	9%

What about the reaction here at home? There was surprising unanimity over where the people would finally stand. By well over a four to one count the correspondents believe the people will finally approve President Truman's action.

A heavy factor influencing the reporters' belief that the people will see that Truman was right is their feeling that any honest history certainly will be written that way. Some recalled the Lincoln-McClellan incident in the Civil War, which in some ways paralleled the current MacArthur controversy. One reporter said, "Lincoln had his troubles with McClellan. Took a trip or two to see him. History remembers Lincoln, too."

But history is apt to be a long time in the writing, and other reporters said they thought the tide would swing rapidly in Truman's favor once the initial emotion over the MacArthur return had died down. One reporter said, 'The public is already recovering from its mass hysteria and seeing that the MacArthur proposals would lead to endless wars. Truman can rely, as Grover Cleveland did, on 'the sober second thought of the people.'" This feeling that the public had been swept away in the initial tide of resentment was widespread. Several correspondents used the word "fooled." George Hall of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* said, "We have to assume that the people are not fools." And A. Robert Smith, representing a string of Northwest newspapers in Washington, told this story: "As one Republican Senator told me last week, our [Republicans'] only chance of winning the 1952 election is with Eisenhower, because we are now saddled with MacArthur. And you just can't fool the American people from now until then."

A few reporters believe that final public approval or disapproval will depend on the outcome of the fighting in Korea. If Truman is able to work a satisfactory settlement his removal of MacArthur will be accepted. If the war drags on these correspondents believe people will think the President was wrong. Those who think the people will finally disapprove believe the public will never learn the facts given to the Senate hearing or that they will

Opinions of United Nations Correspondents

While this article reports the views of American newsmen who are working for newspapers, magazines, and radio networks in this country, a sampling of non-American correspondents at the United Nations was also taken. There has been a good deal of talk in this country over the purported fact that much of the pressure for removing MacArthur came from countries other than our own.

It is perhaps significant and revealing, therefore, to find that the views of representatives of the foreign press at the U.N. vary little from the opinions of American newsmen. The following table illustrates the striking parallel between the views of the two groups :

	American Correspondents	*Non-American Correspondents*
	%	%
Truman was right	87	86
Efforts of UN to maintain peace were helped by recall of MacArthur	69	68
Efforts of non-Communist nations at UN to work together were enhanced by recall	77	82
U.S. influence in Far East was helped by dismissal	38	39

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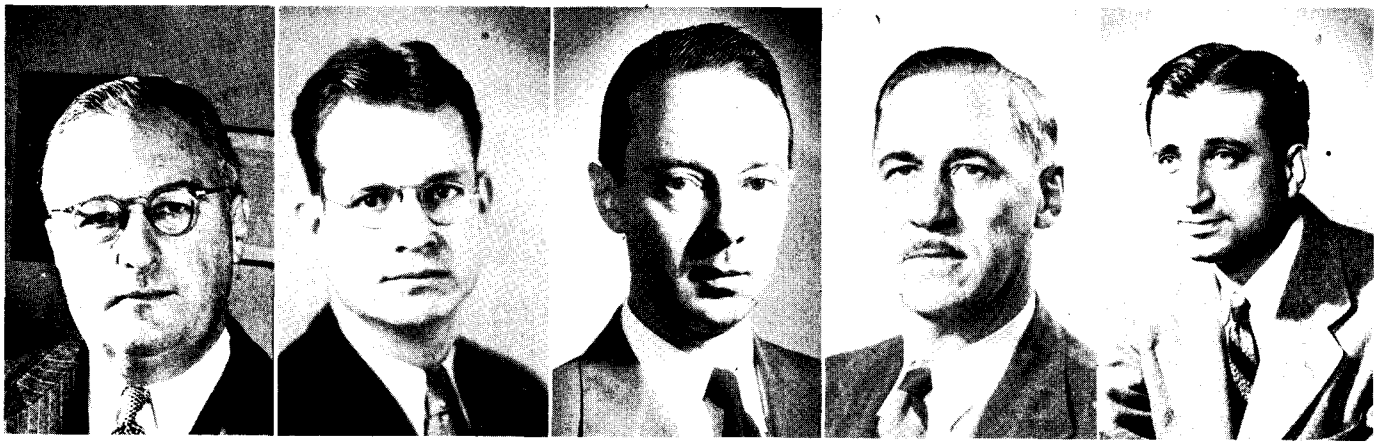


—New York Times Studio. —Harris & Ewing.

Newsmen Arthur Krock, James Free, George H. Hall, Hugh J. Schuck, Sam Zagoria . . .

forget everything except their first emotional feeling that MacArthur was treated badly. (Surveys of American public opinion over the past three months indicate that initially there was widespread resentment over the MacArthur dismissal. However, trend lines on such surveys reveal that the high-water mark of MacArthur popularity was in May. By early June the number of people who thought Truman was right was rising, the number who supported MacArthur falling. The many reported empty seats in Texas when the General visited there in mid-June is another indication that some of the emotional heat is "off" the controversy. Thus the forecast of the majority of reporters might well be on its way to being realized.)

It is evident from the results that most correspondents in Tokyo-Korea, Washington, and the United Nations believe the Truman firing of MacArthur on the whole has produced favorable results to the United States. They are particularly sure that it helped our efforts to allay fears of our democratic partners at the United Nations and in Europe. As far as Asia goes, the feeling is mixed. In Japan and the Philippines the removal probably hurt. But in India and Southeast Asia it probably helped. And among our own people here at home the reporters think that, while bitter seeds of disunity have been sown temporarily, the people will agree finally that Truman was right.

The War

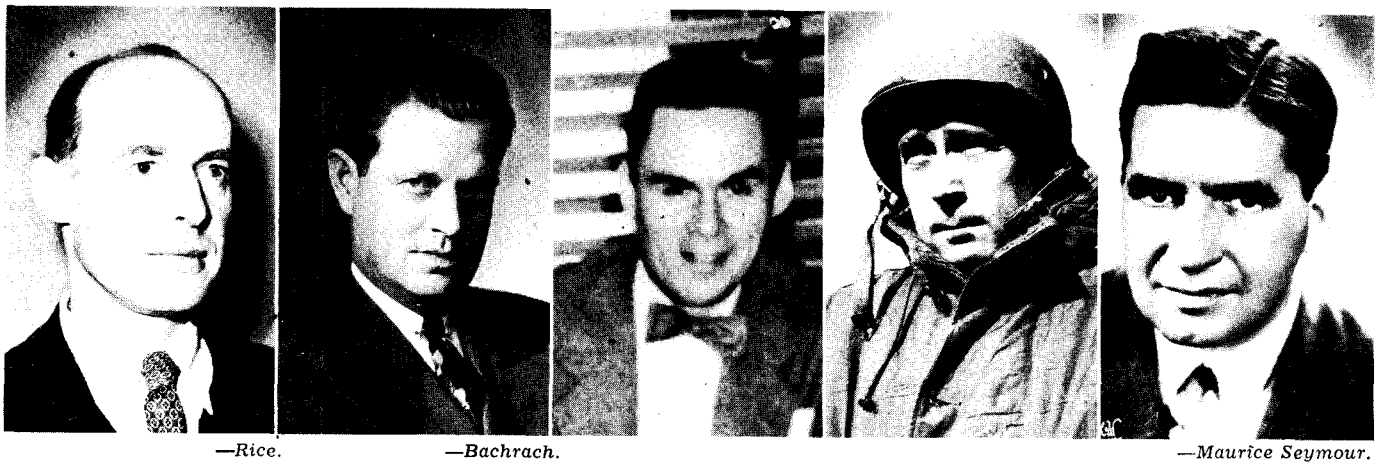
AS THE reporters themselves pointed out in the *SRL* survey there have been a good many repercussions from the recall of MacArthur on a good many different fronts. But what about the effect of the removal on the fighting in Korea? Removing a commander in the middle of a battle is not new in military history, but it is always a danger-laden situation. One apparent area where the risk is highest is among the troops who are doing the actual fighting.

Correspondents in Korea were asked what effect they thought the ouster had on the morale of our troops in the lines. A majority of 52 per cent of the reporters in the field said they thought morale had not changed as a result. But 30 per cent thought morale had been boosted, and only 3 per cent believed morale had been lowered.

From a first glance at these results one would conclude that the correspondents' estimates from Korea were that, while ten times as many said morale had improved with MacArthur's recall as said it had slipped, actually morale hadn't changed much either way. But on examination of the reporters' answers it is evident that at least half those who say morale is "unchanged" believe that the decisive change for the better in morale among the troops took place not in April when MacArthur was removed but in December and January when General Ridgway took over the Eighth Army. One reporter described the situation this way: "Morale of American troops reached the nadir in January. We had there a defeated, demoralized Army, which was running south and had no aim but to get out. Ridgway in January and February revitalized it, turned it around. By the time MacArthur was recalled he was no longer a factor in morale."

In fact, when the correspondents talk of troop morale they pay General Matthew Ridgway a tribute which newsmen rarely have been known to make. James Martenhoff, of the Associated Press in Korea, summed up much of the feeling when he wrote: "Ridgway is a capable career soldier with a rare ability for leadership. He has the knack of transmitting his own enthusiasm to all levels of his command (you could literally see morale in the Eighth Army lift after he took over in December)." Jim Lucas of Scripps-Howard put it this way, "General Ridgway will go down in military history as one of our greatest leaders." Almost all the improvement in morale is accredited to

(*Continued on page* 29)



—Rice. —Bachrach. —Maurice Seymour.

. . . James Minifie, Chesly Manly, Harry M. Price, Jim G. Lucas, and Irving Pflaum.

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Armageddon Without Captions

THIS IS WAR! A Photo-Narrative in Three Parts. By David Douglas Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros. No paging. $4.95.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS superlative assemblage of photographs from Korea is an epic of battle in pictures, divided into three books. The pictures carry no captions, and need none. They are captioned in the running commentary of the textblocks which precede them: "The Hill," "The City," "Retreat, Hell!" The textblocks are graphic, lucid — vivid writing and absorbing reading; if cameras are ever outmoded Duncan can still get a reporting job. The textblocks themselves are preceded by a sort of prologue, which contains the only personal-adventure copy in the entire book, and very little of that.

Duncan's method of taking battle pictures was to get into the battle. Sometimes he was even ahead of it—any place where he could get at faces. But "telling what *that* man thought," says Duncan, "would be mockery of the first order." That is why he has used no captions. "Any caption that I might write would just mirror what *I* was feeling, or thought I felt." Editorial writers, radio commentators, other ready interpreters, please note.

Duncan's choice of the three units of his grand trilogy was basically tactical. The reader (this book is for readers, not lookers) will inevitably be reminded of Stephen Crane, who took battle pictures with words. Here is "The Red Badge of Courage" written with a Leica.

At the end of this superb gallery is

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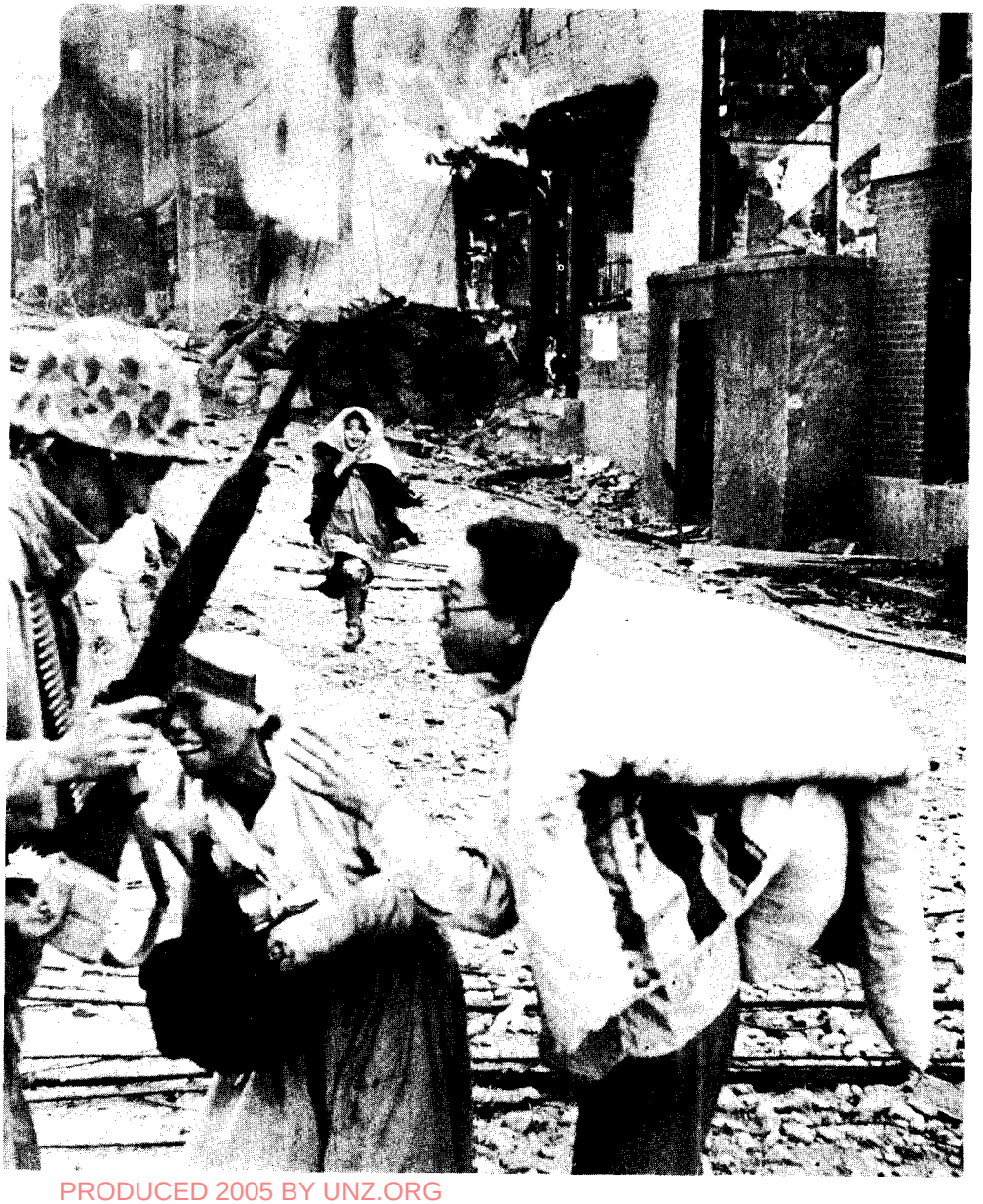
n appendix headed "Photo Data." It is noderately technical. Yet this re-iewer, who has always regarded a ox Brownie as a formidable engine, ead it with the keenest interest and, hanks to Duncan, with considerable nderstanding. And the rigor of the Korean winter is heightened by the asual statement that at times "the ilm started breaking during winding —just from cold."

Most of the pictures in this book are of Marines. Duncan was a Marine for three years in the Second World War, and it was natural for him to gravitate to the old gang. But this is not "Marine publicity" within the meaning of President Truman's explosive assault (which was magnificent Marine publicity). Call this book, then, the apotheosis of the American combat spirit. It would be pleasant if we could get to subsist without that quality, but just so long as we are likely to need it it is good to know that we have it.



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Fiction. *Four books reviewed this week were among those that were singled out by the nation's book critics for their lists of recommended summer reading ("In the Critic's Hammock," SRL June 23). A first novel by a young man who has won wide critical acclaim for his short stories popped up on many lists: it is J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye," which Harrison Smith discusses below. Other recommended books include Edwin G. Huddleston's entertaining picture of life in a small Tennessee town, "The Claybrooks"; John Cornish's chronicle of a Vancouver family in three decades, "The Provincials"; and Stephen Wendt's portrait of a writer distraught by jealousy during a wartime separation, "Pray Love, Remember." Georges Simenon, who several years ago deserted suspense tales for more serious psychological studies, presents a biting portrait of an aging Everyman in "The Heart of a Man."*

Manhattan Ulysses, Junior

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE. By J. D. Salinger. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 277 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THAT there is something wrong or lacking in the novels of despair and frustration that many of our younger writers are turning out has long been apparent. The sour note of bitterness and the recurring theme of sadism have become almost a convention, never thoroughly explained by the author's dependence on a psychoanalytical interpretation of a major character. The boys who are spoiled or turned into budding homosexuals by their mothers and a loveless home life are as familiar to us today as stalwart and dependable young heroes were to an earlier generation. We have accepted this interpretation of the restlessness and bewilderment of our young men and boys because no one had anything better to offer. It is tragic to hear the anguished cry of parents: "What have we done to harm him? Why doesn't he care about anything? He is a bright boy, but why does he fail to pass his examinations? Why won't he talk to us?"

A remarkable and absorbing novel has appeared, J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye," which may serve to calm the apprehensions of fathers and mothers about their own responsibilities, though it does not attempt to explain why all boys who dismay their elders have failed to pass successfully the barrier between childhood and young manhood. It is a profoundly moving and a disturbing book, but it is pathetic rather than tragic, and it is not hopeless. Holden Caulfield, sixteen years old and six foot two inches in height, narrates his own story from the time when he was dismissed from his third private school to return, ill and in a state of physical and mental shock, to the shelter of his home in New York three days later. What happens to him is heart-rending. To many readers some of his words and the accidents that befall him may seem to be too raw to be expressed in the words of a childish youth. If readers can be shocked in this manner they should be advised to let the book alone.

What was wrong with Holden was his moral revulsion against anything that was ugly, evil, cruel, or what he called "phoney" and his acute responsiveness to beauty and innocence, especially the innocence of the very young, in whom he saw reflected his own lost childhood. The book is full of the voices and the delightful antics of children. Especially he adored his stalwart and understanding little sister, who in the end undoubtedly saved him from suicide. And there were the memories of his dead brother, whom he had loved, and a teacher in the first school from which he was dismissed. He had no other friends, dead or alive. He accepted his parents, whose union had been happy, as one of the stable factors in a devastating world. When he ran away from school he knew that he had three days before they would hear of his dismissal from the headmaster. His desire to escape from the ordeal of their disappointment in him and to hide in New York, to go underground, is understandable. Not every boy would have done it, but the reader is convinced that Holden would and that his behavior throughout the book is equally natural and inevitable.

The magic of this novel does not depend on this boy's horrifying experience but on the authenticity of the language he uses and the emotions and memories which overwhelm him. Without realizing it he is seeking the understanding and affection which adults could give him—or even his classmates, who are perhaps an un-

THE AUTHOR: Biographical sketches of most present-day writers usually remark the variety in their lives. But though J(erome) D(avid) Salinger has done a variety of things and traveled to a variety of places the most significant pattern is that he *is* a writer—constantly, concentratedly. He was born in New York City New Year's Day, 1919; at fifteen he was sent to military school. He didn't like it—comparatively few boys do—but he did more than most other boys do in such a situation. He griped, of course; but he also found a way to provide a congenial spiritual home: at night, hooding flashlight under the bedcovers, he wrote stories. He has kept on writing stories wherever he is, whatever else doing. Rejection slips did not deflect his intention nor did successful sales. (Of the dangers to a young writer the latter seems sometimes the more deadly.) With the Army in the Third World War, first in this country and then in France (where he landed on D-Day with the Fourth Division), he went on writing and thinking writing. Again, like most other young men, he did not like war—"progressively platitudinous and lonely" he called it once—but he did his job in it, yet managed to keep on building that own country of the mind, by typewriter if one were near, by hand if not. He brought home Benny, a Schnauzer, who has been his prime companion in his Westport, Connecticut, home. (He's not the lonely hermit this might indicate—but you don't have to take time to explain to a dog, even in words of one syllable, that there are times when a man *needs* to be at his typewriter. . . .) He also brought home Holden Caulfield, hero-narrator of "Catcher." Holden, however, had been around for a long time, as imagined personality, as trial short-story subject, and finally embodied in a novelette. The embodiment did not satisfy its author, so he went to work again. There are bound to be guesses that Holden is (or was) J. D. Factually the guesses will be wrong. But in that created home of the writer which J. D. has been so persistently building Holden must be a nearly interchangeable brother in his search for integrity and his own approach to writing. (Which see—in one of the best descriptions we've ever read of the whole process from inception through writer's catharsis to effect on public—in the book, pages 49-54.) —K. S.

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reasonably repulsive lot of lads. But how could they be fond of this overgrown, precocious, and yet childish boy? His roommate was an arrogant hunter of girls; the boy next door never brushed his teeth and was always picking at his pimples; the group of "intellectuals," the grinds, and the athletes were all phonies to him. But Holden's sense of the phoniness is never contempt. It is worse; it is despair.

When he fled to New York he had plenty of money: a doting grandmother who seemed to think that he had a birthday every three months had sent him some, and he had also roused a rich boy out of bed and sold him a costly new typewriter for twenty dollars. On the train he met the mother of one of his least attractive classmates and lied to her about her son to make her happy. The hotel he went to was crawling with prostitutes and "queers." In spite of his height waiters would not serve him a drink. Three older women left him their check to pay; a prostitute came to his room and took ten dollars away from him for five minutes' distraught conversation. He wandered through the city night and day like a lost soul.

He slipped into his parents' apartment after midnight to look at his sleeping little sister and then visited the one teacher he thought could help him. The man was slightly intoxicated, and he told Holden, "This fall I think you are riding for—is a special kind of fall, a horrible kind. The man falling isn't permitted to feel or hear himself hit bottom. He just keeps falling and falling." He writes out a text for the boy to remember: "The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mature man wants to live humbly for one." None of this is any use to Holden, who simply wants to know what makes him find so many people false and ignoble at the same time that he is aware of his own capacity for love.

Whatever effect the man's wisdom might have had is ruined when the boy wakes up in the night in horror to find the man stroking his head. Holden dashes into his clothes and escapes. "Boy, I was shaking like a madman."

"The Catcher in the Rye" is not all horror of this sort. There is a wry humor in this sixteen-year-old's trying to live up to his height, to drink with men, to understand mature sex and why he is still a virgin at his age. His affection for children is spontaneous and delightful. There are few little girls in modern fiction as charming and lovable as his little sister, Phoebe. Altogether this is a book to be read thoughtfully and more than once. It is about an unusually sensitive and intelligent boy; but, then, are not all boys unusual and worthy of understanding? If they are bewildered at the complexity of modern life, unsure of themselves, shocked by the spectacle of perversity and evil around them—are not adults equally shocked by the knowledge that even children cannot escape this contact and awareness?

From the jacket of "The Claybrooks."

The Bride That Ran Away

THE CLAYBROOKS. By Edwin G. Huddleston. New York: The Macmillan Co. 297 pp. $3.50.

By Cid Ricketts Sumner

EVERY bride probably has a moment of prenuptial panic. Certainly every town has a tale of at least one who actually did back out at the last minute. That is what Tabby Claybrook of the "uppity Claybrooks" did, leaving a note pinned to her wedding dress saying, "I just can't." She did not run off with another man but with a stock company.

All that was years ago. The story opens in 1910 on the snowy morning of her return to the Tennessee home of her girlhood, and the first part of the novel is taken up with an account of the reaction of the town, the family servants, the family itself: Miranda, the mother, who remembered her own sins and felt that now "God was behind her with a snake-whip"; sister Bella, bitter, meek, and loving; sister Xavia, unhappy, conventional, president of the Sorosis Club; brother Cameron, who was going in for politics; Uncle Plez, the good and kindly.

What complicates things is not just Tabby's coming home as the wealthy widow of an Australian and as a famous actress, the darling of Down Under, but the fact that she brings with her a little surprise, a five-year-old son who was born, she admits under family questioning, fourteen months after the death of her husband, Jock. "I wanted a child. I think of him as Jock's son," she said. And when Bella cried, "How could you?" she answered, "I blew out the candle and pretended it was Jock." She did not want marriage, only a son.

Here is quite a melodramatic situation, and I was able to follow it with interest through a good many pages of spicy, native, and often character-revealing dialogue. Edwin G. Huddleston knows his Tennessee town and every now and then brings his reader up sharp with a phrase that is alive, unexpected, and somehow just right for that place and person. The current fashion of telling a story almost entirely in dialogue is therefore to his advantage. Yet here, as in some other novels of this sort, the disadvantages are apparent, especially toward the end of the story where the action quickens. There is no space between, no room for the characters to live and breathe. They flatten out and become unreal. This together with an incredible climax makes the latter part of "The Claybrooks" disappointing.

The February snow is still on the ground when everything gets straightened out, the town prostitute is received in the parlor, and the hired man's oil-rich brother takes over Tabby and son. If Mr. Huddleston would dig a little deeper into the innards of his people, if he would give his characters more space for living he might write a novel of more than superficial interest, for he has a real gift for the turn of phrase in dialogue.

Cid Ricketts Sumner is the author of "But the Morning Will Come," "Tammy Out of Time," and "Sudden Glory."

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George Simenon—"illuminated shadows."

Everyman, Anchorless

THE HEART OF A MAN. By Georges Simenon. Translated by Louise Varèse. New York: Prentice-Hall. 213 *pp.* $3.

By JAMES KELLY

AT fifty-nine Emile Maugin is a lusty, bull-like peasant who has become France's greatest actor. Conscious of his strength but not trusting it, Maugin comes to his final big scene in the center of the ring with the tormented, defiant air of an animal in which humiliating *banderillas* have already been planted. The roar of the crowd means nothing. He has always had the crowd as background for intimate action on stage. But how shall he play the curtain bit to make it memorable?

The condemned bull, baffled, blameless, already dead, despite the great heart and fighting body. The trapped man, facing his climacteric and groping wildly for the straws that will bolster his waning vitality. Do we blame the bull for his savagery or the man for his panicky dependence upon the warmth of cognac and the flattery of young women?

"The Heart of a Man"—more extended character study than novel—does not meet the standards set by "The Shadow Falls," M. Simenon's 1945 critical triumph. But it bears the imprint of one of the world's great storytelling stylists, a writer who has learned his trade through authorship of several hundred popular novels and the Inspector Maigret adventures (Franco-Belgian answer to Sherlock Holmes).

In the aging, debauched actor driven by the desire to revenge himself for boyhood humiliations Georges Simenon has found a subject admirably suited to his talent for dramatizing psychological drives and obsessions. Old Maugin, recalling to one the flamboyant charm of John Barrymore and the pathos of Chaplin, lives in the mind after the final page has been turned. He is Everyman at the end of the road—anchorless and empty without knowing what to do about it.

We first encounter Maugin on the day he learns that he has an old man's heart inside that big chest. A period has been added to the prodigious career which began in the hut of a prostitute mother, and a drunken father and led to fame and adulation. But how can he give up now—this man whose restless urge to escape himself and his origins has taken him through early failures, three marriages, countless seductions, all the pitfalls waiting for a rough peasant determined to reach the top?

Maugin, the uncertain shell, must play the most difficult role of his life—a convincing imitation of Emile Maugin. At the motion-picture studio and at the theatre he carries on with the old brilliant fire. He drinks more than before, and he tests his manhood in abrupt sorties upon chambermaid and cook. He finds new refinements of cruelty to inflict upon the miserable illegitimate son who depends upon him for the support of an enormous family. He blusters and raves and complains.

It is very good theatre, but in the end Maugin returns to the obedient affection of the young wife whom he has married in a fit of compassion after learning that she is pregnant by another man. Is it love—or is it jealousy and the fear of cuckoldry which drives him to her? No matter. Maugin has his brief idyl in Antibes, almost a conventional businessman's retirement, before the events which take him back to Paris and the sordid dream-wracked circumstances of his final curtain.

"The Heart of a Man" contains the clues and hints of many stories. Small scenes serve as a springboard for the big idea, and the strident vulgarity of the style admirably conveys the mood and atmosphere of Maughin's last days. Supporting characters, always in the shadow of the star, are illuminated shadows in which the author takes an abiding interest. There are flaws. Maugin is too much of a sameness, too unrelieved in his ruttishness. Transition from scene to scene is sometimes graceless, and the text carries a heavy salting of obscenity. But Simenon's magic rises to the occasion in a way which will make most readers forget the dead spots in this wonderfully exact portrait of a man.

The translation by Louise Varèse is deft and colloquial.

James Kelly is with a New York advertising agency, does much free-lance writing.

—*Randolph MacDonald Eaton.*

John Cornish—"with wit and spirit."

A Boy & a Great House

THE PROVINCIALS. By John Cornish. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 258 *pp.* $3.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

BETWEEN school terms young Kenneth Menzies lived with his aunt and his father in a suburb of Vancouver, British Columbia. But he did not have a home or a family until he became attached to the fabulous clan of Dunseiths. John Cornish's first novel tells the story of the Dunseiths from the early 1920s to the present.

At the Valley School in the Okanagan plateau of interior British Columbia Kenneth Menzies became a friend of the Dunseith twins, Bud and Jadd. They shared an odd combination of English school life and unfenced Western boyhood. On Sunday they marched in Eton collars to the chapel and the next day they scrambled up the irrigation flume and chased range cattle. There Bud Dunseith was bitten by a rattlesnake and died in delirium.

At school Kenneth Menzies could not know the fabulous background of his friends, but a Christmas holiday took him to the Dunseith mansion on the edge of Vancouver, and summer brought a holiday on the Dunseith steam yacht and at the Dunseith summer home on Vancouver Island. The Dunseith mansion was a monstrous landmark, a Scottish baronial castle built—in a lumber country by a lumber baron—entirely of wood. To Kenneth Menzies it was a place of inexhaustible wonder. Its towers commanded tidewater and a mountain range, but its maze of roofs was like a medieval city. At twelve he found it a

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castle of enchantment, at twenty he made it his second home. A dozen years later it was lifeless and somber.

Mr. Cornish invests the great house with a grotesque Gothic grandeur and endows the family with a fitful and explosive life. The father, bored and baffled by his family, is at home and commanding only in his office, with the epic lumber business around him. The mother is an incurable faddist, flitting from literature to music to art. The five boys are alike only in their need to escape from their father's authority, and the daughter, Bunty, is as wayward as a March wind. She has a fatal and unaccountable attraction for Kenneth Menzies.

"The Provincials" follows the unhappy ways of all the Dunseiths—to the ultimate divorce of the parents, the death of one brother in war, the maiming of another and the disclosure of the homosexuality that has lurked beneath his rebellious youth, and the final alliance of Bunty with a self-made lumber man.

It is a novel written with wit and spirit, with vividness and knowledge, but with strangely little emotion. When he reads a letter telling him of Robbie's death, of Laird's dismemberment, and of his own wife's defiant infidelity Kenneth Menzies goes into a barracks lavatory, leans an arm against the wall, and cries. He adds: "I reminded myself of a kitten mewing." Nowadays it is a temptation to a young novelist to be scornful of emotion. But the preciousness of fiction lies in the revealing of the human heart, not the deriding of it.

Love Can Be Killed

PRAY LOVE, REMEMBER. By Stephen Wendt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 369 pp. $3.50.

By Robert Lowry

—From the jacket of "Pray Love, Remember."

WARTIME Algiers was no place to nurse a broken heart. Noisy, hectic, and swarming with Allied soldiers looking for liquor and women, it only increased the anxiety that had plagued Paul Lightoller ever since coming here from London. Lightoller's work as head of the Psychological Warfare Section was complex enough to drive any man to drink, but he turned his back on most of the liquor and all of the women and spent his free time pondering two questions: Did his wife still love him? Had she been unfaithful to him?

Their marriage had been bombarded by wartime separation from the very beginning. But it was also rocked by another danger, which "Pray Love, Remember," written in the first person by its hero, mentions but fails to explore—Paul Lightoller was in his late thirties, a successful British novelist who wanted only to settle down quietly with his wife and turn his youthful adventures into seasoned prose, while she was barely twenty-one, a gray-eyed, temperamental vixen with a rage to live.

Shortly after their honeymoon when he had gone off to France on a secret assignment without being able to tell her he was leaving she took her revenge by flying out nights with a wild little group of on-the-towners, one of them a grounded RAF fighter pilot who had set his sights for her. The bitter reconciliation that took place when Lightoller returned from France soon pyramided into an even more bitter denouement; broken-hearted by his reluctance to have a child in wartime, she disappeared on a three-day drinking spree with her RAF hero, only to come back to her husband chastened and swearing, "I had nothing to do with him." But jealousy had begun building a tall wall between Lightoller and the love of his life. Ordered to his new post in Algiers he had plenty of time during the next six months to ponder his half-broken marriage and his wife's halfhearted protests of fidelity.

Those who know of Stephen Wendt as an Austrian novelist and playwright will be surprised at the limber, graceful prose in which he writes his first novel in English but will be less surprised when they find out that he has lived almost half his life in England. "Pray Love, Remember" is sparked by the kind of clipped, brittle dialogue that Britain imported from America in the days when men were without women and the sun also rose, but its pace is the leisurely, flashback-ridden, character-searching trot of the novel Mr. Wendt learned to read and write on the Continent. Often sentimental, sometimes irritatingly confusing in its continual switch from the present (Algiers) to the past (London), Wendt's emotional tale redeems itself in a brisk, heart-wrenching ending in which Paul Lightoller flies home to learn that his wife had really been faithful after all—but that his doubts and jealousies have killed their love.

The passionate anguish which drives the story makes it read as much like authentic autobiography as fiction—even though now and then some readers may feel like describing its flighty, flirty heroine in the words of her hus-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHILDREN IN LITERATURE

Jan Pope, of Tuscon, Arizona, here describes fifteen children who have become famous through their adventures, exploits, and personalities. Allowing two points for each one you can identify and five for naming the story in which he appears a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. These two children had a strange relationship with the ghosts of two dead servants.
2. This child was so afraid of the dark that when she died her father was reluctant to have her buried in the eternal darkness of the ground.
3. This little boy never grew up and resented it when his playmate did.
4. This girl preferred to kill herself rather than her pet duck in order to prove her love for her father.
5. Unbeknownst to him this boy's education was paid for by an escaped convict to whom he had once shown kindness.
6. This girl was whisked from the drabness of a Kansas farm to the marvels of adventure in a fairyland.
7. An old miser mistook this little girl's golden curls for his lost gold.
8. This little boy was immortalized by his father in a series of nursery poems and stories for children.
9. This little blonde irritated her usually affectionate older sisters by her vanity and her misuse of English.
10. This little girl, an illegitimate orphan, was raised by a kindly old escaped convict.

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hand when he found her in a hotel with another man: "She looked very desirable and suddenly so valueless: like a banknote that has gone out of circulation."

Robert Lowry's novels include "Find Me in Fire" and "The Wolf That Fed Us."

Fiction Notes

FORT EVERGLADES. By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday. $3. In this, as in most historical novels, it is not so much the author's inability to create a time period which accounts for the story's shallowness but rather the fact that he fails to construct characters real enough to live in it. Authentic background is always a vital but secondary consideration in novel writing. In "Fort Everglades" the reader often has the illusion of being transported "through the sloughs of the Grassy Water" in an Indian dugout, of actually seeing the mist that lay like a floating blanket a scant foot above the quiet sea" called Okeechobee. But Dr. Slaughter's story is little more than an Everglades travelogue. The characters in his novel of the United States-Seminole Wars are just so much dead weight on this voyage. Their presence enhances the scenery no more than a few noisy 'gators wallowing on the bank of a muddy stream.

Dr. Royal Coe, swashbuckling surgeon and Indian scout, joined the Everglades Rangers to recover from a broken heart. When Mary Grant, his best friend's fiancée, suddenly appears in the territory the tiny fragments jump back into place. In fair Mary's presence the fearless fighter is just a lily-livered Lothario, whose antics often tempt the reader to hope some swift, silent arrow will end his misery. Mary, however, refuses to be cheated by Coe's shyness. Stowing away aboard his canoe she succeeds in compromising his honor, thereby forcing her Ranger boy friend to sever their engagement so that Coe can make her an honest woman through matrimony. This does not come about until the trio, aided by six hundred soldiers, has massacred and dispersed the "savage" tribe of Seminoles, thus making Florida forever safe for the modern tourist trade.

—Joseph M. Grant.

THIS LAND, THESE PEOPLE. Edited by Harold U. Ribalow. Beechhurst Press. $3.75. This is the first time, we believe, that stories about Jewish life in America have been gathered in one volume. There are twenty-four of them in this anthology, all published before, all highly readable, selected with an eye to giving the reader a composite picture of Jews in this country.

The stories range over a wide field. They deal with immigrants and their adjustment to the new land; with religion, assimilation, the war, shattered

(*Continued on page* 36)

U.S.A. *The front-page headlines will have more meaning if you keep four of the books reviewed here at your elbow as you read your daily newspaper. With the Senate Crime Investigating Committee continuing to pursue organized vice and corruption into likely corners "Crime in America," by the former chairman of the committee, Estes Kefauver, and "The Kefauver Committee Report" are fat bundles of background material. With the average man's salary check shrinking by the week it is sad to see one of the doughtiest battlers against inflation, Marriner S. Eccles, disappear from the national scene. Fortunately, he has left behind an engrossing and instructive volume of memoirs, "Beckoning Frontiers." With Americans still scratching their heads over what to do about Korea and pondering where Russia may strike next Hans J. Morgenthau's "In Defense of the National Interest" is a helpful guide.*

Not Bedtime Stories

CRIME IN AMERICA. By Estes Kefauver. New York: Doubleday & Co. 333 pp. Clothbound, $3.50. *Paperbound,* $1.

THE KEFAUVER COMMITTEE REPORT ON ORGANIZED CRIME. New York: Didier Publishers. 207 pp. Clothbound, $2.50. *Paperbound,* $1.50.

By Harold B. Hinton

WHAT with the Communists breathing a Third World War down our necks every few days and our own Congress trying to commit national economic suicide through inflation few of us have had much time to worry about the increasing incidence of organized crime on the country's life. If you are in this frame of mind these two books will prove a valuable antidote. They complement each other, and the serious citizen should read them both. The one is a bare clinical report on a very sick patient, the other is the doctor's analytical diagnosis of the disease and his recommendations for treatment.

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee worked away in unsung loneliness for more than a year before it was catapulted through the nation's coaxial cables into outstanding public favor with the New York hearings, where you saw Frank Costello's nervous hands twisting on your television screen. That dramatic climax to the patient, drab digging of the committee and its staff did accomplish for the moment the miracle of attracting almost universal public attention to the committee's discoveries. But as outlined in these two books the discoveries are less than sensational. The only really sensational part is the demonstration of durability of the gangster and racketeer—men eager for the easy dollar.

The book published by Didier is described on its jacket as "the complete and unexpurgated edition" of the Kefauver Committee Report on organized crime. Actually it is a reprint of most of the third interim report the Senate Crime Investigating Committee has rendered to the Senate. The report was submitted on last May 1 at the time the Senate insisted the committee continue its work for another nine months. It contains the committee's own digest of the testimony taken in Miami, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, Tampa, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, Las Vegas, the West Coast, Saratoga, and New York City. Residents of those cities who were unable to follow the hearings in detail will find these accounts convenient capsule descriptions of conditions in their home towns.

The other book, "Crime in America," is the work of Estes Kefauver, the Democratic Senator from Tennessee, who forced this investigation on a reluctant Senate and became the committee's first chairman. Aided by the skilful editing of Sidney Shalett, a staff writer for *The Saturday Evening Post,* who covered many of the

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hearings, he has attempted to analyze progress of the investigation up to May 1, when he retired as chairman and was succeeded by Herbert R. O'Conor, a Maryland Democrat.

The Kefauver book is easier reading than the official report. It is less meaty, but it goes into controversial political consequences of the investigation in a way which the committee, composed of three Democrats and two Republicans, could not attempt. For example, Mr. Kefauver directs considerable criticism, either outspoken or inferential, at Governors Warren of Florida, Smith of Missouri, and Dewey of New York. He minces no words in scolding these governors for what he considers their failure to cooperate with the committee. He leaves the inference that he thinks they had something to explain about their relations with organized gamblers in their states and that they were unwilling to do so. Since two of them are Democrats and the third is a Republican the committee as a whole wisely decided not to get into this field of judgment.

Senator Kefauver takes literary cognizance of the political legend that his committee's Chicago hearings resulted in the defeat of Senator Scott W. Lucas, the Democratic leader of the Senate in the last Congress. It might be added that no one believes this legend more strongly than Mr. Lucas himself. "If Senator Lucas, whom I personally like and whom I admired as Majority Leader, was hurt by this episode it was regrettable," Mr. Kefauver comments. "On the other hand, the Democratic organization in Chicago may be strengthened in the long run by the lesson learned through the vigorous demonstration of the current temper of public opinion. One of the aftermaths of the campaign, incidentally, was the resignation in Chicago of Jake Arvey as leader of the Cook County Democratic organization."

Political psychoanalysts may make of that what they can.

Aside from the fruitier details Mr. Kefauver supplies in his personal evaluation of the committee's year of work, the two books recite essentially the same frightening story. The composite picture is not one to encourage complacency, and yet our civic history is littered with sporadic reform movements followed by long periods of public apathy. In its broad outlines the combined story recites the growth of organized crime in the United States since the turn of the century. The unrestricted immigration of earlier days brought us more than our share of European experts in crime. The natural growth of the native population provided added talent.

The most fertile early field was organized prostitution, but the Mann Act increased the risk and diminished the profits of this business. In the nick of time, just as the "white-slave" racketeers were threatened with having to go to work at honest jobs, came national prohibition. Rumrunning, bootlegging, illicit distilling, unlawful

—*INP.*

Estes Kefauver—"scolding governors."

brewing, and all the rest offered such fabulous profits that the nation's first powerful gangs were born. When repeal threatened the gangsters with technological unemployment in 1933 they had the wit to shift quickly and relatively easily to organized gambling.

This sequence of events is the reason the committee devoted its first year of labor to probing workings of bookmakers, racing-wire services, "layoff" and "comeback" bettors, and the other minutiae of an interstate unlawful business which may gross as much as $20,000,000,000 a year. The conclusion was drawn that this much of the national income is wasted each year on economically unproductive effort—money thrown down the drain, in other words. That makes it a national problem. In addition it was established that this rich traffic could not exist without the connivance—or even corrupt participation—of public law-enforcement officers. This side of the evil brings the whole thing home to the individual citizen, who has to vote for his mayor, sheriff, district attorney, etc.

At this point both books concede the relative impotence of the Federal Government to deal with the discovered or rediscovered evils. While several modest suggestions for Federal legislation are advanced, the conclusion is inescapable that the only effective remedy lies with the individual citizen who has the ultimate responsibility for policing his own neighborhood.

The information and conclusions in these two books would not make good material for the type of lecturer immortalized by Helen Hokinson and her ladies' clubs; but the books ought to have a telling impact on the thoughtful citizen intent on guarding the material, social, and spiritual values of his own community.

Harold B. Hinton has been covering the investigations of the Kefauver-O'Conor Committee for The New York Times.

The Scars of Caste

THE MARK OF OPPRESSION. By Abraham Kardiner, M.D., and Lionel Ovesey, M.D., New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 396 pp. $5.

By Henry Lee Moon

EVERY Negro is constantly confronted with the problem of coping with situations of discrimination without cringing in fear, without abandoning all hope, and without self-defeating aggression. The problem in brief is how to live as a normal, integrated human being in a hostile social environment which holds him in irrational contempt solely because of his race.

Now come two Columbia University psychiatrists, Dr. Abraham Kardiner and Dr. Lionel Ovesey, with the disturbing conclusion that in present-day America this is an insolvable problem. On the basis of psychodynamic studies of twenty-five Harlem Negros of both sexes and of varying age and status the authors arrive at the sweeping conclusion that no Negro can escape "the psychological scars" of racial discrimination. So great is the traumatic impact of what the authors call the "caste" system that the personality of the Negro is mangled and distorted.

What is the meaning of the findings of this pilot study in terms of the individual Negro? If the authors are correct in their generalizations he is doomed to an unhappy life devoid of healthy self-esteem, depressed by self-hatred, contemptuous of his fellow Negroes, frustrated by acceptance of unattainable "white" ideals, fearful of success, and plagued by emotional instability. Surely a bleak outlook.

Happily, the scope of their studies both quantitatively and qualitatively is so limited that the validity of their conclusions may well be questioned. There is, of course, no denying the searing effect of discrimination. The multiple evidences of its deadly impact are observable to the naked eye in any Negro community. The question, however, is the capacity of the individual Negro to escape the "mark of oppression," to surmount and survive as an integrated personality the contrived handicaps imposed upon him by the majority of whites.

It is significant that not one of the twenty-five subjects studied by Doctors Kardiner and Ovesey actively participated in any organized effort to modify the social environment through political action, legal action, economic pressures, or propaganda. Nor had any of the subjects been successful in competition with whites in any particular field. The omission of such subjects seriously impairs the representativeness of the sample.

Participation in movements challenging the status quo validates self-esteem and affords constructive outlets for aggressive tendencies. The authors are not unaware of the potential role of such organizations but tend to dis-

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count them because none has been able to enlist vast numbers of Negroes. This failure, they point out, stems from the Negro's incapacity for "sustained social cohesion," which in turn is rooted in the structure of personality.

Because the number of Negroes who have achieved success in our competitive society is "statistically unimportant" the authors have not included any among their subjects. Here again, this reviewer believes, the authors overlook a highly important factor in the development of the Negro personality. The achievements of a Ralph Bunche or a Marian Anderson or a Jackie Robinson not only demonstrate the capacity of the Negro for adaptation but also serve as a psychotherapeutic potential for younger Negroes who seek to emulate them.

Doctors Kardiner and Ovesey contend that because of discrimination the Negro is so lacking in self-esteem and so consumed with self-hatred that he cannot achieve an integrated personality in terms of the norm for middle-class white Americans. This maladjustment, they make clear, derives from nothing biological but solely from the social environment. "There is not one personality trait of the Negro the source of which cannot be traced to his difficult living conditions," they assert. "There are no exceptions to this rule."

Living in the American culture the Negro falls victim to all the neuroses common to humanity, but in him the maladjustments are accentuated by the factor of racial discrimination. All of the anxieties which beset white persons are multiplied many times in Negroes. The pressures are such that Negroes are constantly preoccupied with the necessity of making adaptations with the consequent loss in efficiency. "There is no time," the authors assert, "in the life of the Negro that he is not actively in contact with the caste situation." Poverty, ignorance, broken homes are all factors in the development of the Negro personality, but these are all part of a vicious circle which "begins and ends with discrimination."

What, then, is the way out? The authors answer: "There is only one way the products of oppression can be dissolved, and that is to stop the oppression." They do not indicate by what means the oppression is to be stopped.

Henry Lee Moon is author of "Balance of Power: The Negro Vote."

Economic Pioneer

BECKONING FRONTIERS: Public and Personal Recollections. By Marriner S. Eccles. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 499 pp. $5.

By C. E. AYRES

AS everybody knows, Marriner Eccles is the Utah banker whom President Roosevelt appointed governor of the Federal Reserve Board in 1934, following the resignation of Eugene Black. He was one of the principal artisans of the Banking Act of 1935 and following its passage was appointed chairman of the new Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, a position which he held continuously until 1948, when President Truman appointed the present chairman. Mr. Eccles continued as a member of the Board until his unexpected resignation a fortnight ago.

It is not so generally known that Mr. Eccles's father was born to abyssal poverty in a Glasgow slum, came penniless to America when a young man, as a convert to Mormonism, and here proceeded to amass a fortune, which was appraised for tax purposes following his death in 1912 at $7,000,000. Marriner was born in 1890 and named for the apostle of the church who had officiated at his parents' wedding. He went to school in Utah, was graduated from Brigham Young College in 1909, was sent for two years as a Mormon missionary to the slums of Glasgow, from which his father had been rescued, and at the time of his father's death was in charge of one of his father's projects, a hydroelectric power plant near Logan, Utah.

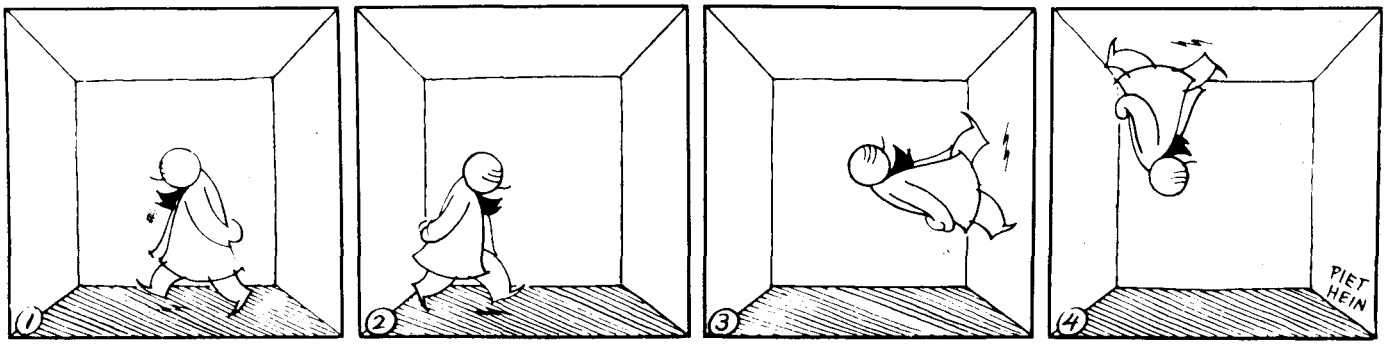
There were twenty-one children. Marriner and his eight full brothers and sisters inherited two-sevenths of the estate, which incorporated as the Eccles Investment Company, refusing to become a minority interest in the David Eccles Company organized by his older half-brothers. At the age of twenty-three, soon after his father's death, Marriner went into the banking business and some years later headed the group that organized a bank holding company, the First Security Corporation. In 1929 the resources of this company were approximately $58,000,000. At present they total nearly $300,000,000 and have forty banking offices.

Up to 1929 Marriner Eccles was a rock-ribbed Republican whose mind was untroubled by any doubts of the utter perfection of the free-enterprise system. But 1929 came as a terrific shock. Thanks to his nerve and suppleness he was able to pull his banks through the crisis, though only by the most astute generalship.

Meantime Marriner Eccles was pondering all these things deeply in his heart. As he now tells the story: "In whatever quiet moments were available I began to wonder whether the conduct of bankers like myself in Depression times was a wise one. . . . We kept our banks open through these and other crises. But to do so we had to adopt a rough and distasteful credit and collection policy. . . . Were we not all contributing our bit to the worsening of matters by the mere act of trying to keep liquid under the economic pressures of deflation?"

Such reflection gradually brought Mr. Eccles to these realizations: "That the contemporary problem is less one of gathering in the forces of production and more one of providing a steady distribution of the goods and services a superb technology and labor force know how to turn out. . . . That unless the income from the national product is currently spent on consumer goods or new investments, either public or private, then deflation is likely to set in. . . . That, while millions of people and tens of thousands of businesses in our country receive income and decide how to use it, there is no assurance that they will make a sufficient total expenditure to disburse the total income received. . . . That the job of warding off trouble in this event is nobody's individual responsibility but everybody's collective responsibility, acting through the organs of our Government. . . .That the social problem is not whether there would or would not be Government planning. In our interdependent economy planning of some sort was a prerequisite to survival. The problem instead has become one of seeking out ways by which that planning is kept at a minimum so that the talents of each of us will not be squashed by the cumulative weight of all of us."

These are reflections to which a great many people—large and small capitalists, labor leaders, professional econo-



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—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"He's Not Talking."

mists, and innocent bystanders—have been brought by force of the same set of circumstances. The most celebrated exponent of these ideas was, of course, the late Lord Keynes. But Mr. Eccles had espoused "the compensatory economy" five years before the appeaarnce of Keynes's epoch-making book; and even now he says he has read it only "in small extracts."

That is what makes "Beckoning Frontiers" a great story. It is the story of a great pioneer—greater even than his father. For he is a pioneer in that most dangerous of all frontier regions: the realm of ideas.

Most of the author's recollections are public. In these stories—the story of the passage of the Banking Act of 1935 and the reorganization of the Reserve System, the story of the great fight over budget-balancing, that of the recessions of 1933 and 1937-8, that of war financing and inflation—the fascination of vast public issues is added to that of intimate personal participation. Mr. Eccles's treatment of his supposed change of front from that of an inflationist in depression to that of a deflationist in the war and postwar period is especially interesting. The truth is, of course, that he has steered true to the principles of the compensatory economy. It is the state of the economy that has changed.

"Beckoning Frontiers" is a book with a moral. Although Mr. Eccles never gives it, the moral is that he and his kind are the finest flower of the capitalist system. The greatest asset of capitalism is its flexibility, its capacity for adjusting itself to changing circumstances. It is not those who are paralyzed by fear or feel they have a better chance to save their own institutions if they do nothing to save the imperiled ones who will save capitalism. It is Marriner Eccles and the others of his kind, who are to be found in every state and every city of the land.

C. E. Ayres is professor of economics at the University of Texas.

Seeking the Touchstone

IN DEFENSE OF THE NATIONAL INTEREST: A Critical Examination of American Foreign Policy. By Hans J. Morgenthau. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 293 pp. $3.50.

By Dexter Perkins

THIS is a brilliant and provocative book written in a spirit of gloom with regard to the foreign policy of the United States. Hans J. Morgenthau finds a great deal wrong with the conduct of American diplomacy. He maintains that our foreign policy attaches itself to principles, such as the Truman Doctrine, which are impossible to carry out; that it places undue faith in debate and mechanism, as illustrated by the United Nations, whereas the genuine foundations of international action lie in power politics; that its democratic processes hamper negotiation, since they lead to the taking of rigid positions that cannot easily be made the subject of compromise; that the structure of our Government makes executive leadership extremely difficult, since Congress insists upon investigating, directing, and sometimes thwarting the President; that our leaders are driven into untenable and unsound policies by the clamor of demagogues, as in the case of the support which we have been giving to the discredited regime of Chiang Kai-shek. Further, he says that we put faith in promises that are because of the power situation bound to be broken, as in the case of the pledges extorted from the Soviet Union at Yalta with regard to democratic governments in Eastern Europe; and we have in large degree lost (and this is most important of all) the power of negotiation, since we are forced by public pressure and public diplomacy to take up rigid positions from which it is difficult to depart.

Now there is, I think, something in every one of these criticisms, and since Americans are still relatively little given to introspection with regard to international affairs and are inexperienced in the ways of diplomacy it is useful to make such comment and highly desirable to ponder on it. And yet I do not feel altogether satisfied with Professor Morgenthau's analysis. He places great faith in the traditional process of give-and-take and in a kind of balance-of-power agreement between the Soviet Union and the United States. Yet he says explicitly that "if such an agreement would extend the Russian sphere of influence beyond its present state, and strengthen the Communist world while weakening the West, it should certainly not be made." In other words, we are to negotiate only in the sense that we recognize the existing position of the Russians in those parts of the world where they are already dominant.

Just precisely where does this get us? And how long will the Russians respect any such agreement if they see a chance to push forward into new areas? Granted that it may be possible to solve specific questions where the interest of both parties at the moment is in a solution of controversy, I still do not quite see that Professor Morgenthau's formula offers any very great hope of an over-all understanding, and I think it underestimates the dynamism of the Communist idea.

Nor do I think that we do as badly as Professor Morgenthau suggests. It is quite true that American foreign policy is addicted far too much to general formulas and high-sounding principles. But at the same time the Americans are a practical people and rarely carry their principles to disastrous results. The logic of principle today, for example, would carry us into an all-out war against the aggressor Communist China and toward the unification of all Korea under the United Nations. Yet we seem very definitely to be reacting against the first of these policies, and it looks as if we were not going to carry out the second by force of arms. We did not let doctrines interfere with our "Vichy gamble" or with aid to the Soviet Union when it was expedient.

It is true that we have got ourselves into a tangle in the Far East, as Professor Morgenthau suggests. I agree with him that in the long run we cannot hope to get anywhere by supporting Chiang Kai-shek, and that the best bet is in the chance (remote as it may now seem) that the Communist regime in Peiping will quarrel with the boys in the Kremlin.

But on the whole it does not seem to me that we have done so badly in this secular struggle with the Soviet Union since 1945. Despite our too hasty demobilization, the Russians are nowhere in Europe that their armies were not in 1945. Western Europe is certainly more secure, more prosperous, and more ready to resist aggression than it was six years ago, though there is a

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Your Hindsight, Senator, Is a Perfect 20-20, but How About Your Foresight?"

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long and hard struggle ahead before we can breathe easily. The Russians, on their part, by inept diplomacy have provided us with a depression-proof (if not inflation-proof) economy and have galvanized us into rearmament on a scale that must give food for thought to the Kremlin. I doubt whether their own stock of bombs makes them feel complacent when they witness the large-scale effort on this side of the Atlantic. In Asia things have not gone well, but wretched peoples governed by selfish oligarchies are not easy to protect against the Communist virus.

In the working out of democratic government the product is always better than the process. Americans should take to heart the criticisms in this book. But most of them, obeying their national temperament, will not share the author's gloomy assessment of the current situation, any more than they will find an easy solvent of current problems in any formula, even the formula of "negotiation." "Negotiation" is often wise and necessary. But traditional diplomacy is no total answer to the problem of Russo-American relations.

Nor is "the national interest," which Professor Morgenthau suggests must be the guiding star of policy, an adequate touchstone of our diplomacy. For the problem of defining it in the complex world of today is infinitely difficult. And for better or for worse it will be mixed in American foreign policy, as it has been in the past, with attachment to certain ways of thought and with dreams that may never come true.

Dexter Perkins, professor of history at the University of Rochester, is the author of "The Evolution of American Foreign Policy" and other books.

Biography-by-Witnesses

THE ROOSEVELT TREASURY. Edited by James N. Rosenau. New York: Doubleday & Co. 461 *pp.* $5.

By Jonathan Daniels

IN THIS biography-by-witnesses of Franklin D. Roosevelt James Rosenau understook, as he himself suggests, an improbable task. And certainly when he had finished his work he gave his book a misleading name. There has been no lack of books about Roosevelt in the six years since he died, and this book adds nothing new to the recitals of his friends and enemies. It is definitely not merely a collection of the best items of and about Roosevelt as the name suggests. All in all, however, Mr. Rosenau as a hard-searching and wisely understanding editor has compiled the consecutive items which together tell the Roosevelt story and reveal Roosevelt the man in many ways better than in any book which has appeared.

To a considerable degree this anthology about a life is Roosevelt autobiography. Mr. Rosenau has included revealing pieces from the writings of forty-three men and women who knew Roosevelt in devotion or opposition. Almost a full fourth of the book, however, was written or spoken by Roosevelt himself. There are passages about himself, his work, and his place in history which he carefully wrote—and more which rushed out in his extemporaneous speaking.

By the very nature of the witnesses most of the book is taken from the writings of those who loved Roosevelt, though some, like James A. Farley, wrote after affection had waned. After those from FDR himself the most frequent selections are from the memories of Eleanor Roosevelt, Robert E. Sherwood, and Frances Perkins. Wisely Mr. Rosenau has let into the story telling some who liked him less. Nothing could be more bitterly satirical of Roosevelt or of more interest now than the rambling conversation about China in Cairo after Teheran which comes from General Joseph W. ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell. The anti-Roosevelt case in more restrained, but more direct, approach is presented in speeches made by Alf Landon and Wendell Willkie. It seems odd that no room was found for a single such word from Thomas E. Dewey.

Undoubtedly, as Mr. Rosenau himself says, such a biography by selection leaves out many details in a life and a personality. It omits facts which would contribute to a study of American leadership in our times with which the editor is concerned. If such a book means some jumping in the consideration of a life, however, there is great effectiveness in the eye-witness testimony of history which the book provides. Perhaps the best evaluation of the book may lie in the fact that, for all the changes of witnesses and writers, the Roosevelt story moves through it clearly, dramatically, and always interestingly. The changes of pace and people serve not merely an editor's but a storyteller's purpose in this good book about a great man.

Jonathan Daniels, who was press secretary to FDR, is editor of the Raleigh, N. C., "News and Observer."

An Adoring Friend

JOE TUMULTY AND THE WILSON ERA. By John M. Blum. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 384 *pp.* $4.

By Arthur S. Link

HERE is a warm, sympathetic biography of one of the most fascinating characters in recent American politics. Joe Tumulty may not have been a phenomenon, but he nearly was; and the story of his rise from the obscurity of the Irish wards of Jersey City to a position of pre-eminence in national councils during the Wilson era is as revealing as it is interesting.

Tumulty was one of a small group of insurgent Democrats in Northern New Jersey who during the early years of this century fought to break the control of the corporations and bosses over the state. In the normal course of events he would probably have fought on a few years longer and then made a graceful surrender. But in 1910 the world of politics was created anew for Tumulty. Woodrow Wilson seized control of the progressive movement in New Jersey and gave it life and purpose and hopefulness. From the day in September 1910 when Wilson accepted the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in the old Taylor Opera House in Trenton Joe Tumulty was his adoring friend. As Wilson's private secretary during the New Jersey period Tumulty constructed the political machine from which came support for Wilson's spectacular reform program. He was instrumental in planning the campaign that culminated in Wilson's nomination for the Presidency, although he is about the only important member of the early Wilson group who did not claim that he practically singlehanded brought about Wilson's nomination. When Wilson went to the White House in 1913 Tumulty went with him, still as his private secretary.

All of this story John M. Blum has told exceedingly well, although up to this point he adds little to our knowledge of the subject. What Tumulty did from 1913 until 1921 is of course of much greater significance, and it is here that the author makes his real contribution. By working conscientiously through the vast Wilson and Tumulty Papers as well as other manuscript collections Mr. Blum has come out with an estimate of Tumulty's activities during the Wilson period that is with certain exceptions competent and balanced.

He has an excellent chapter, for example, on Tumulty's relation to the Democratic party, on the way in which Tumulty used the patronage to strengthen the party and achieve Wilson's objectives. He has re-created astonishingly well the atmosphere of the Wilson circle, the excitement of legislative battles, the thrills that Wilson's tactics evoked throughout the

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Belles-Lettres.

Since summertime and literary potpourris of all kinds traditionally go together, many of the books reviewed below are ideal reading for the reason. Edith Sitwell's "A Poet's Notebook" is a scrapbook of random thoughts on Shakespeare and other English poets, their nature and their work, by one of the most gifted English ladies of letters. In "The Harvard Advocate Anthology" Donald Hall has assembled the essays, stories, and verse a number of present-day writers contributed as undergraduates to their college literary magazine. J. Donald Adams has gathered some of the weekly pieces on literature and life he does for The New York Times Book Review *into a volume called "Literary Frontiers." In "The Selected Letters of John Keats" Lionel Trilling gets a new series off to a promising start with a compilation of the work of one of literature's ablest epistle writers.*

—Oil painting by Pavel Tchelitchew.

Edith Sitwell—"cosmic metaphors."

Of Style & Prosody

A POET'S NOTEBOOK. By Edith Sitwell. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 276 pp. $4.

By John Ciardi

IF there is truth in the editors' maxim that a book must win or lose its reader within the first fifty pages I must report myself as a lost reader of Edith Sitwell's notebook. Certainly nothing but my obligation as a reviewer kept me going after the first fifty pages. As a matter of fact, I should have become a lost reader by page twenty-nine.

Here, for example, is some prose: "Certain characters in Shakespeare have the grandeur and loneliness of a pariah sun in a heaven of evil, casting down disastrous rays upon all alike, breeding new forms of life from primeval mud." And here is some more prose: "The passions of these beings are great and irresistible as the rising of the sap in spring."

And here is a piece of prosodic criticism: "Sometimes the pause is like a whirlpool or vortex, as in the first line of Othello's 'Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my Soule/ But I do love thee." Here, between "wretch" and "perdition" the caesura has a swirling movement.

Continuing as a lost reader I must further report that these three samples are reasonably typical of what follows. The result is a loose and random book. To be sure, there are some bits of penetrating observation here and there. Which is to say that Miss Sitwell is sensitive as well as ecstatic. The impression remains clearly upon me, however, that I have met as great a sensitivity as Miss Sitwell's—and combined with better analyses and better writing—in Harvard and Radcliffe honors theses.

Miss Sitwell calls her work "A Poet's Notebook." It would more aptly have been called "A Reader's Notebook." From her wide reading Miss Sitwell has compiled a notebook in two parts: the first on Shakespeare, the second, a series of jottings on other English poets, on the poet's nature, on the nature of poetry, etc. More precisely yet, the book is a scrapbook of impressionistic criticism. Its method is most clearly stated in a passage from the essay on "King Lear," where in discussing a variant reading of "tower" and "towne" ("Childe Rowland to the dark tower came") Miss Sitwell concludes: "It is not for me to pronounce on the rightness or wrongness of this, when men who are learned have judged it better not to do so. But my instinct (and this alone can guide me) tells me that 'towne' may have been in that giant mind, and that certain reasons have led to the change to 'tower.'"

There are many readers and critics today who will argue that it is too late for impressionistic criticism. For such readers, I imagine, Pater has done all that can be done, both the best and the worst. I am quite ready to disagree on this score. All criticism must contain traces of impressionism, and I can see no reason in theory why a great experience of art greatly recounted could not be exciting reading. At the same time, however, all criticism must be based on a disciplined sensitivity. That discipline need not extend beyond a carefully analyzed subjectivity. But without at least that much method, I shall insist, there can be nothing but loose sparks flying.

Miss Sitwell not only lacks a systematization of her own feelings; she is quite ready to let criticism consist of a series of cosmic metaphors. All one needs for prosodic criticism is "instinct."

It is on this matter of prosodic criticism that Miss Sitwell is led to some of her most consistently pointless observations. Othello's "swirling caesura" is a fair specimen. Elsewhere we are instructed that one prosodic device or another makes a passage "pulseless . . . a shadow is speaking," another "move with the slow irresistible power and horror of a tidal wave," another "untuned and terrible." These effects Miss Sitwell then assigns to specific causes—to caesuras, to consonantal "thickening and thinning," to vowel variation, to "back echo," etc.

What she overlooks in all this loose phrasing is the demonstrable fact that these devices in like combination can be found in passages that produce totally different effects. One need only consider the effect of the sibilants in such a parody as this (to be spoken by a stableman rather than by Hamlet): "Oh most wicked steed/ To post with such dexterity to incestuous sheds!" Perhaps it will be argued that the final "e" must be long in order to secure the effect. In that case read "shes" for "sheds." Either way it should be obvious that what measures in such an effect is not the specific prosodic structure nor the vowel-consonant arrangement but a total reaction to the words, the prosody, and the emotional-dramatic situation in which the lines are spoken.

A stylistic matter, perhaps. What does all this matter so long as some of the observations strike home, as they do? Only stylistic? Who was the Frenchman who wrote, *Le style c'est l'homme?* Miss Sitwell has a sensitive and lofty style; she lacks within it the vocabulary of precision.

John Ciardi is a member of the English department of Harvard University but has been on leave this year in Europe. He is a poet himself and has edited several volumes of criticism on poetry.

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A Quaker Interprets the Bard

THE MEANING OF SHAKESPEARE. By Harold C. Goddard. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 691 *pp.* $6.

By Oscar James Campbell

THIS book is a memorial volume. Although its author taught Shakespeare to generations of students at Swarthmore College, he never published anything about the poet during his lifetime. But all those years he evidently brooded over Shakespeare's plays and wrote out at length his interpretation of each of them. After his death his former students and his friends arranged for the publication of his manuscript as a fitting memorial of their admired teacher and friend.

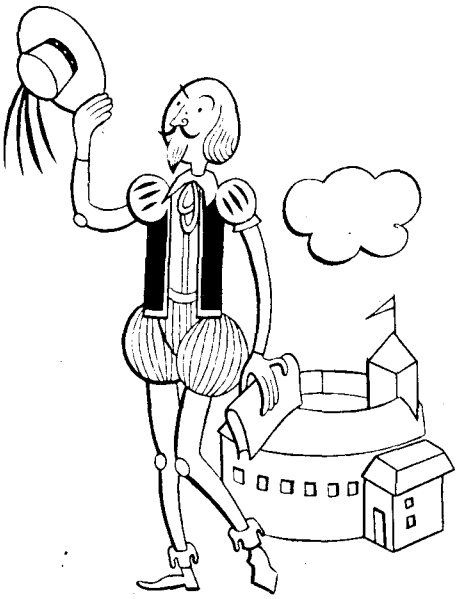
The book is also a personal testament in which the author expresses his deeply subjective, highly original interpretation of the works of the god of his idolatry. Moreover, Harold C. Goddard's critical method has converted his opinions into intimate revelations of his own mind and spiritual nature. For Professor Goddard expresses nothing but contempt for historical criticism. To him a work of art exists for what it says to us, not for what it said to people of its own day. "A work of art," he continues, "has no proper existence as art unless someone is reflected in it." And Professor Goddard finds his deeply cherished beliefs reflected everywhere in Shakespeare's plays.

His conviction that the term "poet-playwright" contains a radical contradiction grants him the utmost freedom in his interpretations. The playwright, to be sure, is bound to please the audience in the theatre, which Shakespeare subconsciously despised, but "the poet need please only himself and the gods." Hence Shakespeare the poet almost always directly contradicts Shakespeare the playwright. Professor Goddard is sure that "Shakespeare's greater plays are one thing as drama and another as poetry." The truth is that the poet's real attitudes toward life do not lie open in his dramas. He hides them beneath the surface of his plots, concealed even from the stage-director, for to reveal them to him and the actors would "imperil the popular success of his dramas." But to the critical, sensitive reader wise in the ways of the subconscious mind the poet discloses by esoteric methods the secrets of his soul. It is these secrets that Professor Goddard shares with his readers in "The Meaning of Shakespeare."

The results of this critical method are surprising. In "The Taming of the Shrew," for example, Shakespeare contrived a play that "would mean the precise opposite of what it would mean to the multitude." The crowd is given the impression that Katherine is a shrew. Nothing is further from the poet's real opinion. To the sensitive reader he intimates that "Kate is sweet and lovely by nature." "What she most craves is love and devotion." She falls in with Petruchio's maddest whims only because she knows "What Every Woman Knows: that a husband must be made to believe that he is a woman's lord and master." Thus understood Kate is a "clear first draft and frank anticipation of Beatrice."

Another of the author's quaint discoveries is that Shylock had it in him "to be humane, kindly, and patient." His offer to lend Antonio money without interest represented his deep-seated desire to be just the opposite of what he felt himself becoming. "For a moment at least the Jew was the Christian." Shylock, so the poet reveals to his adepts, "is the leaden casket with the gold within." So in the great trial scene "it is not Shylock but Portia who is on trial." The question at issue—can she, like Bassanio, detect hidden gold under a leaden exterior? Since she cannot it is "she who fails Shylock not Shylock who fails her." The angel forgets her doctrine of mercy to become the legal prosecutor. From the outset Shakespeare planned the trial scene to expose the irony of Portia's failure to be true to her inner self. This is an idea that has escaped all critics before Professor Goddard.

It is the author's Quaker pacifism that most often drives him to eccentric interpretation. Henry VI, being the best Friend in Shakespeare, becomes the poets ideal King. By the same sort of reasoning Shakespeare expected the elect to see that Henry V was the worst King in the poet's royal gallery. To Professor Goddard what is usually regarded as the playwright's greatest expression of Elizabethan patriotism is full of "windy chauvinism," and Henry, whom the action presents



as Shakespeare's ideal King, is the incarnation of a bloody Machiavellian.

The author's detestation of war results in the most topsy-turvy interpretation of "Hamlet" in all the vast library of Shakespeare's criticism. Hamlet, far from honoring, even worshiping, the memory of his father, subconsciously really hated him. And why not? As far as the record goes, "except for a little love-making, overeating, and sleeping he never did anything but fight." The extravagant rhapsodies of admiration Hamlet utters for his warrior father Professor Goddard interprets as a "measure of the pressure of his doubts" about the virtue of the elder Hamlet, "who is clearly a symbol of physical force and the spirit of war itself." Since Professor Goddard abhorred this symbol Shakespeare must be made to share his detestation.

Naturally, then, Hamlet is right in hesitating to follow the solemn injunction of the ghost. His loathing of the obligation turns into self-loathing, which betrays itself in queer indirect fashion. His cry to Ophelia, " 'Get thee to a nunnery,' is really a cry to his own polluted soul to purify itself." Hamlet's tragedy turns out to be his failure to reject the divinity of Hell speaking through his father's spirit. Instead of listening to the Quaker God within, he ignores the still small voice and commits the murder. The last rites over Hamlet are a bitter pronouncement upon the "sarcasm of Fate, for these rites are the rites of war, so that Hamlet, who aspired to nobler things, is treated at death as if he were the image of his father—a warrior."

These addled interpretations of some of the most famous of Shakespeare's plays show that as criticism this volume is a freak. But if regarded as a personal testament it can be seen to reveal the noble spirit of a devout and orthodox Quaker.

Oscar James Campbell, professor of English at Columbia University, is the author of "Shakespeare's Satire" and other volumes.

Adam Lyrical

By LeRoy Smith, Jr.

All sparrows fall,
All eagles die;
Yet who shall call
Their flyings vain?

For sparrows sing
Where else were heard
No song or bird
Through days like rain,

And eagles cry
What else none saw—
The scopes of awe
From God's blue wing.

All sparrows fall,
All eagles die,
Yet, withering,
Do feed the sky.

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They Were Fledglings

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Donald Hall. New York: Twayne Publishers. 327 *pp.* $5.

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS collection of prose and poetry by almost fifty Harvard undergraduates who have become famous since their college days or who are now presumably on their way to fame contains a good deal of writing that is interesting for its own sake and even more that will serve to test Wordsworth's dictum—"The child is father of the man." In many cases we find under an author's name pretty much the sort of thing we should expect to find, but in other instances we are surprised.

Robert Benchley, for example, hit his characteristic stride early; and so did John Mason Brown. Oliver LaFarge did a thoroughly professional job in 1922 with his tall New England tale of "Captain Tom and Mother Carey's Chickens." Robert Hillyer at the age of twenty-two was writing poetry of the same type and quality that he was to write at fifty-five. No one will be astonished to discover that Corliss Lamont in 1923 was beating his drum for the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association or that H. V. Kaltenborn in 1909 was defending journalism as a career for college men and urging colleges to view that career with more respect. Norman Mailer's undergraduate fiction in 1942 foreshadowed, however incompletely, the vastly successful novel that he was to write only a few years later. And the mature E. E. Cummings may be glimpsed, if not in his 1913 poems, in his Commencement Address of 1915, in which he sympathetically saluted "the New Art" as "a courageous and genuine exploration of untrodden ways."

On the other hand, it is amusing to note that Maxwell Perkins's disjointed piece, "On Getting Up in the Morning," was probably more in need of skilful editing than any other item in this collection. Those who know Van Wyck Brooks through "The Flowering of New England" may well be surprised to learn that in 1908 he was an ingenious follower of H. G. Wells in the field of "science fiction." Students of John Finley, Eliot Professor of Greek at Harvard, may not easily recognize their teacher in the author of "Elmer O. Williams, Manufacturer, Philanthropist, Man"—an excellent burlesque of a kind of biography that has not flourished since the Great Depression. Harry Brown, author of that fine war novel "A Walk in the Suns," appears in this anthology as a successful humorist, with a tale that might have been written by John Collier. Most unexpected of all, however, are the conventional lyrics in which sea gulls figure, by John Reed, revolutionary, whose body now lies within the Kremlin walls.

T. S. Eliot had barely reached the threshold of his first poetic phase in 1910; but E. A. Robinson a generation earlier was working with themes and prosodic patterns that would serve him in maturity. Wallace Stevens at the turn of the century was already demonstrating his fecundity, if not his originality. When Conrad Aiken wrote "To a Head in Marble" (1911) his own head was full of Keats, while two years earlier he was capable of publishing a remarkably puerile short story. The prose contributions of two undergraduates who were to become famous professors —Kittredge and Copeland—are juvenile in comparison with work by many of their pupils; and if anyone wishes to measure the gulf that lies between the *Advocate* of their day and the *Advocate* of the 1940's let him read Howard Nemerov's grim little story of homosexuality at Harvard, *circa* 1941.

Theodore Roosevelt is represented in this volume by a brief and now pointless appraisal of the intercollegiate football season as it was shaping up in October 1879. Franklin Roosevelt's contribution is a fragmentary, not-too-brilliant addition to Swift's "Gulliver." Thomas Lamont, who rose to the peaks of international finance by way of journalism, is seen here as author of a brief, sentimental anecdote of the Crimean War. Donald Hall provides his entertaining anthology with a historical introduction and reprints—from the *Advocate*'s T. S. Eliot issue of 1938—a paper in which W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez attempted to describe Eliot as he was when an *Advocate* editor. But Mr. Tinckom-Fernandez really had nothing to tell his reader about Eliot, and he rather botched matters by lamenting that four poems of Eliot's published in 1917 were not published until 1925 and by referring to "Captain Craig" as E. A. Robinson's "first book."

It is a distinguished roll that Mr. Hall has called, and "Mother *Advocate*" has many reasons to be proud.

J. Donald Adams—"long-range terms."

An Essayist Hopes

LITERARY FRONTIERS. By J. Donald Adams. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 175 *pp.* $2.75.

By Harrison Smith

FOR a good many years J. Donald Adams has surveyed contemporary writing on a familiar Sunday page in *The New York Times Book Review*, but as a genteel and earnest moralist rather than a book reviewer. It is an enviable but not an easy task, for, though it was a little unfair for Lewis Gannett of the rival *New York Herald Tribune* to label his essays as "very sound sermonlets," there is nevertheless a faint reflection in them of the intelligent rector of an Episcopal church addressing in some twelve hundred words his well-dressed Sunday congregation.

Mr. Adams has recently brought out a collection of his work in which he is considering books in long-range terms as literature which has been, or will be, remembered beyond its immediate day. His "Literary Frontiers" has given him the opportunity to expand or weave together some of his contributions to the *Times* and to bring to the attention of a wider public articles which have appeared in *The American Mercury* and *The Freeman*. Though it is extremely difficult to find anything to quarrel with in his sentiments and opinions, this collection gives him increased stature by enabling him to round out his essays to the proper length to which that pleasurable and dying form of literature is entitled.

His first chapter, Literary Frontiers, is to some extent controversial, for he is speculating on the many subjects and phases of modern life which seem suited to the novelist but which are evidently rejected with contempt by our younger writers. For example: why do not novelists make "better and more frequent use of the richly suggestive material that lies in the altered behavior of men whenever they meet in large numbers, before an audience, to discuss matters of great and small importance?" Why don't they follow the advice of Herodotus and debate on affairs of weight when they are drunk? The answer to the first is that they don't want to and to the second that in Herodotus's day the Egyptians did not get drunk at cocktail parties and noisy bars where matters of literary importance are rarely discussed. Why are they not interested in politics, in the larger aspects of business in which they might bring to their task the duality of man's nature? Why not write about the great city of New York or the Southwest and the Northwest, making use of the abundant regional material in the United States? The answer is that except for the historical novelist and the biographer regionalism is almost ex-

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Don't Americans Read or Write?

"DON'T AMERICANS ever read books?" was one of the questions asked of me in Lahore, the leading university city of Pakistan and one of the intellectual centers of the East. "We hear a great deal about your achievements in science and invention, we see just about all your movies, and of course we know about your automobiles and your planes and your cities. But we know almost nothing about American culture. Are you interested in books? Do you have any important writers?"

This was at a meeting of writers, journalists, editors, and publishers. I hardly knew where to begin in my reply. I decided it might be a good idea to ascertain whether my questioner's lack of information about reading and writing in America was at all representative of the group assembled. Taking an informal spot poll, I called off the names of about three dozen American writers, beginning with Washington Irving and ending with John Hersey. The names of Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, Upton Sinclair, and Jack London elicited some slight recognition, but there was only the skimpiest acquaintance with writers such as Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Henry James. As for later writers —Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Thomas Wolfe—the poll drew a virtual blank. And even among those who recognized as many as four or five names it was interesting to learn that few of them had actually read books by those authors.

As the discussion broadened out, it developed that this unfamiliarity did not extend to the body of English literature. Indeed, there was abundant expertness in the field of both classical and contemporary English writing.

This was not the first time in my tour of India and Pakistan that I had been asked basic questions about American culture, but never before had the indictment been so sharp and comprehensive. I decided to ask some polite questions of my own. How was it, I asked, that highly educated Pakistani and Indians, themselves engaged professionally in writing and publishing, should know so little about the American literary tradition in contrast to that of the English? I spoke of the university libraries I had visited not only in Lahore but in other cities of Pakistan and India—and how disappointed I was to see that we were represented almost exclusively on the library shelves by works on technology and only occasionally by fiction or belles-lettres. There were countless American volumes on engineering, chemistry, geology, physics, agronomy, astronomy, genetics, biology, medicine, transportation, architecture, and metallurgy—but nothing by Howells or James or Thoreau or Melville or Faulkner or Dreiser.

I didn't have to wait for an answer. Three or four members of the group began to speak at once.

"There is nothing mysterious or deliberate about this," one of them said. "The fact is that our education was under the British. Apparently you were never able to convince the British that you had a literature. In the universities here virtually no attention was paid to American writing. If you go back and examine the typical syllabus of the secondary school or the university you will see that the literary tradition never really crossed the Atlantic. When students asked about American writing they were told that it existed, certainly, but that the university was setting up no compulsory reading requirements in that regard."

"But that's not all," another member of the group chimed in. "How are we to get American books? Even if we had known about them I doubt that it would have been possible to obtain them. First of all, there's a ban on imports and money leaving the country. Next, how are we to afford the high prices? We can buy books in English or Urdu for one-sixth the price you charge. And we haven't even had the incentive to see whether your books were worth the difference."

An elderly gentleman who had been introduced to me as one of Lahore's leading critics entered the discussion.

"I have had the good fortune to obtain some American novels," he said. "Friends who visited the United States in the past few years have been good enough to bring me, at my request, a few books which enjoyed popularity. But I confess I have not been able to get very far. It is hard work, very hard. I have had to puzzle over almost every paragraph. It is your strange way of writing. American writing is wandering very far from the English language as we speak it and read it.

"In discussing this with one of your consular officials," he continued, "I was told that I might find H. L. Mencken's book 'The American Language' useful for translation purposes. He sent me a copy of the book. I was fascinated by it, but I still did not learn enough about the idiomatic use of the American language to make the reading of American novels less of a chore.

"But in what little I did read I found a great difference in thematic treatment between the English and the American novel. American writers seem to me extremely self-centered; they write about their own neurotic problems and about what are after all trivial and petty themes. To some extent, of course, you have infected a number of outside authors, but at least we still have a few British writers left who are concerned with universal themes and who speak for the basic problems and challenges that concern most people."

I WAS interested to hear him use the possessive "we" in speaking of English writers. Whatever the burning resentments against the British were before Independence, or are today, there is a deep respect for and pride in the English literary tradition. The emphasis on Moslem culture in Pakistan and on Hindu culture in India apparently has not weakened this feeling of identification with the English cultural heritage among the educated peoples of the sub-Continent. This made it all the more surprising that there was so little familiarity with the American contribution, such as it was, to the development of Anglo-Saxon literature.

While I was reflecting on this a Pakistan journalist began to comment on the remarks of the literary critic.

"I, too, have had the opportunity to examine American books," he said. "The novels I have seen are your shiny paper-covered pocket-size books. Like my friend, I have found the language rather strange. But even stranger was the physical appearance of the books. The drawings on the covers astounded me. They were strongly offensive. They seemed to compete with each other in their cheapness and bad taste. You must realize that our religion—and this would also hold true of the Indian people—makes us extremely sensitive in these matters.

"I am sure you can understand the sense of disgust we must feel when we pick up what are supposed to be reprints of good American novels and see drawings of incredible debauchery and violence. The bedroom was usually the scene of action. A young woman would be sprawled out across an unmade bed, her nightclothes partly ripped off. Then you would generally have either a brutish sot clawing and tearing away at her or a somber creature standing over her with a smoking revolver. As though this weren't enough, the publishers would try to highlight the vulgarity and the violence by their descriptive

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matter. One such description comes to mind. There is a quotation under a particulary offensive bedroom scene. 'I stood staring at her body,' a man is saying, 'wondering what had gone on before the knife.'"

* * *

I SHOULD like to be able to say that it was possible within the confines of an informal discussion to provide the definitive answers to all the questions about American literature or that I succeeded in replacing doubts and criticisms with absolutely favorable certainty.

The best that could be done under the circumstances was to indicate that the American people were not as barren culturally as those assembled had found reason to believe and to put before the audience a friendly and sincere invitation to pursue the matter in a number of ways—one of which perhaps might be a visit to the local United States Information Service Library in Lahore. The literary shelf was not as well stocked as it ought to be, but there were at least a few titles worth consideration. In particular, I suggested the series on American literature by Van Wyck Brooks beginning with "The Flowering of New England." The style was far from idiomatic or mannered, and the content would provide a well-integrated analysis of the literary tradition in America. This might serve as something of a gateway to our writing. They would also find on the USIS shelf a few titles from among the more recent novels—perhaps the works of Willa Cather, Upton Sinclair, and Theodore Dreiser, for example, might have a special appeal with respect to both style and substance. In any event, even a cursory inspection might indicate that not all our books were concerned with neuroses or that they all had dust jackets glorifying cheap love and cheap death.

In saying this I recognized that we have a long way to go—not only in Pakistan but, indeed, throughout the world—before we can answer the questions of people who wonder why America's technological development has so far outdistanced our cultural growth.

Our State Department already has a series of excellent projects in operation, one of them being the United States Information Service centers, the libraries of which have become effective research headquarters in almost every country in which they have been established. The books most in demand are those on modern medicine, technology, and farming. The service afforded by these libraries is abundantly appreciated. But the cultural side of the libraries so far has been underdeveloped—understandably so, perhaps, in view of the basic needs of scientists and scholars. Now that the basic job has been done, however, it is time to pay increased attention to the life of the mind in America as it is reflected in our serious novels, belles-lettres, philosophy, and historical works.

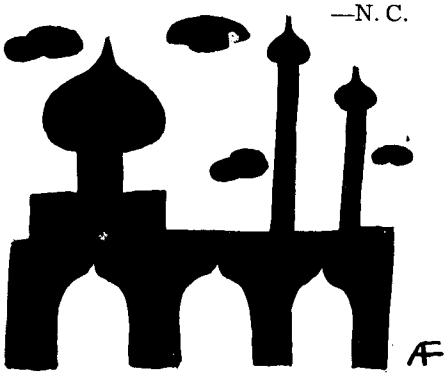
It is to be hoped that the State Department, as part of this information and good-will program abroad, will consider the publication of inexpensive paper-bound reprints of classic and current American books. This might be worked out in cooperation with the American publishing industry, in which the editing and designing and manufacturing might be done commercially though under Government contract, with our USIS centers abroad arranging the distribution on whatever basis is best suited to the particular area. Publication of American books in translation, of course, would represent a special problem, and it is likely that local publication in many cases would be preferable to having the books shipped from America. Prices should be in line with the existing economic structure, neither undercutting competitive books nor pegged at a level too far above the reach of the average reader.

The advantage of a Government-private industry tie-up in such a project is that it would get around blocked-currency restrictions and make use of the high degree of expert knowledge generally available in the administration of the USIS centers.

It is to be hoped, too, that there will be a considerable expansion of the Mundt-Smith Act providing for traveling lectureships and for an exchange of persons. The direct person-to-person approach seems particularly effective in Asia. We ought to have at least two or three dozen prominent Americans, broad-gauged in their knowledge of our politics, history, and culture, circulating in an important area such as the sub-Continent. Similarly, we need a vast expansion of the program for bringing scholars and public figures here.

All this may seem only to scratch the surface, but it is a highly important surface where even a little scratching may do a considerable amount of good. Beyond a book program and the exchange of persons there is a large area to be developed in the field of mass communications. Periodical literature, pamphlets, audio-visual facilities for villages and small cities—all these have wide potential usefulness. The movies could be most effective of all. So far, the motion picture from America, everything considered, has hurt rather than helped the American cause. But that's an old story.

—N. C.



Bookmarks

OVER the years CBS's "Invitation to Learning" has seemed to us to be the most abundantly self-justifying radio program in its field. The discussions have previously been available in separate booklets, but they will hereafter be assembled into a quarterly, the first issue of which trots out some of the heavier guns—Aeschylus, Aristotle, Virgil, Marcus Aurelius, Shakespeare, Calvin, Mill, and more, with Rabelais and Molière as a sort of stage-door canteen. The quarterly sells for a dollar, and the dollars are collected at Box 800, Grand Central, New York 17, N. Y. The names of most of the supporting conversationalists are familiar to *SRL* readers—Irwin Edman, John Mason Brown, Lyman Bryson, Clifton Fadiman, Max Lerner, Louis Kronenberger. The discussions are invariably lively, civilized, and pertinent; George Boas of the Johns Hopkins faculty, for instance, finds in Hume a healthy antidote to the "wave of intolerance and authoritarianism" that is washing over America today.

* * *

Close to the top of the roster of linguistic nuisances are the *-ly* adjectives —*niggardly, miserly, beggarly,* and their raggle-taggle kin—striding along in their adverbial disguises that anyone can penetrate, all save *leisurely* and his half-sister *gingerly,* who regularly sneak over into the wrong line and as regularly get away with it.

* * *

Ragbag of literary miscellany: Shelley liked to sail paper boats. William Morris's nickname was Topsy. Milton smoked a pipe. The first rhyming dictionary was published in France in 1572. England's first poet laureate was John Kay, but not a line of his poetry survives. Samuel Taylor Coleridge served in the Fifteenth Light Dragoons as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch. Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth's initials stood for Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte. The A.A. in A.A. Milne's name is for Alan Alexander. William Faulkner's full name is William Faulkner.

* * *

A heartening phenomenon in the world of words is the increasing proportion of non-name writers in the contents tables of most slick-paper magazines. The name writer still flourishes (as why should he not, so long as the product lives up to the label?), but he does not command the exclusive eminence he once enjoyed. Today's magazine editor is more interested in a good story-line than in a good by-line.

* * *

What most detective stories need is more detection.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pulitzer Award Secrecy

SIR: This letter is prompted by Amy Loveman's editorial "The Pulitzer Awards" [*SRL* May 19] and Melville Cane's letter on the same subject [*SRL* June 2]. The policy of not revealing the names of Pulitzer Jurors in letters, drama, and music was decided upon before I became Executive Secretary of the Advisory Board twenty years ago. I have continued the policy of secrecy not because I believe in hiding any information. However, after two decades of experience with jurors I think the policy of secrecy is desirable first of all to protect the jurors from criticism or embarrassment when the Advisory Board does not accept a jury recommendation.

My procedure has been to invite college and university professors who are authorities in history, biography, fiction, music, and poetry. We invite all book-publishing houses to send us three copies of each book which should be considered for a Pulitzer Prize. Two of these books are mailed to the jurors in each category and one is kept in my office for the University or for Advisory Board use.

During the past five years professors from the following colleges and universities have served on Pulitzer juries:

Columbia University
Harvard University
University of Wisconsin
Princeton University
University of Michigan
University of Virginia
University of Washington
University of Minnesota
Williams College
Cornell University

Another point which I can make at this time is that whenever a juror has one of his own books up for consideration or if he anticipates that his book may be considered in that year or in a following year he asks to be relieved of jury duty during that time. This request is always granted.

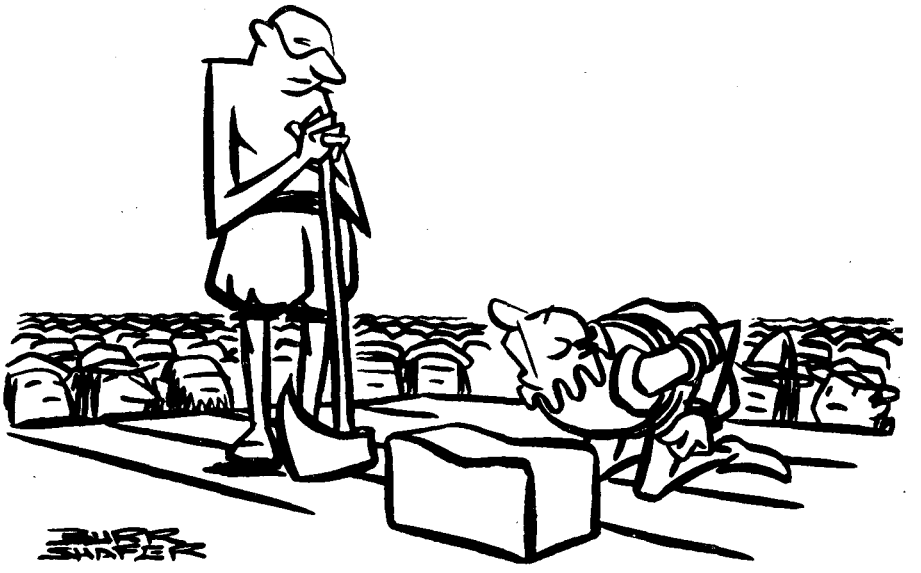
There are certain members of the Advisory Board who see all of the plays produced in New York, others who are interested in history and are likely to read all of the books on history published during the year. The same statement may apply to interests in biography and autobiography. In music and poetry the Advisory Board has invariably followed the recommendations of the respective juries.

CARL W. ACKERMAN.

New York, N. Y.

A Catholic and the State

SIR: In his review of Blanshard's "Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power" [*SRL* June 23] Herbert Brucker writes: "Again and again he [Blanshard] returns to the point: 'No true Catholic can agree with the doctrine of church-state separation in its American Constitutional form and remain loyal to Vatican policy, because the two are absolutely incompatible.'"



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Which was it? Was I selling for too much or too little?"

My formal education was received through Roman Catholic sources solely. From the nuns of Notre Dame de Namur through high school to the Roman Catholic Salve Regina College, where I received my A.B. My informal education was received through forty years spent with the Atlantic Monthly Company under the direct influence of Ellery Sedgwick, former editor. Am I what Mr. Blanshard describes as a "true" Catholic? I can only answer that I believe in the Ten Commandments, the Six Precepts of the Church, and *everything* that the Catholic Church teaches, and that I try to live up to the teaching of the Church to the best of my ability.

I also believe in the doctrine of church-state separation in its American Constitutional form. Either Mr. Blanshard is in error in his contention, or I am. That I understood what I was taught in childhood, girlhood, and womanhood may be accepted, I hope, from the fact that I was graduated from both institutions with a certain degree of merit. From our text books, from my teacher, I have been taught love, joy, and pride for and in the American Constitutional form.

What could the public schools of our country have given me that I did not receive within the walls of the convent and the college? What did the convent school give me that I could not have received in the public school classroom? The daily instruction that I was born "to know, love, and adore God in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next." All through my life I have been puzzled by the Paul Blanshards of yesterday and of today who know more about Catholic beliefs than we know ourselves. Whenever I grow the least disturbed on this point I think of the ministers of different faiths, the Jew, the Protestant, and the Catholic, who, giving up their life belts, went to their eternal reward, to the glory of our country and of mankind, during our last heartbreaking war.

No, Mr. Blanshard, I hope I will become a better and better Roman Catholic for whatever time is left me, as well as a more devoted, grateful, and loving citizen of our great country, under its American Constitutional form.

TERESA S. FITZPATRICK.

Newport, R. I.

Today's Race of Educators

SIR: Lester Asheim ["Book Business Looks at Itself," *SRL* June 2] took a rather unfair snipe at teachers for not building in their charges the desire to read books in their post-graduation days. He paints teachers as vacation and salary mongers with "little sense of dedication to the education of the young." Their teaching of literature, he says, leaves bitter memories of discipline and examinations with the children, who for their part flee from books like from the plague. Thus, book sales today are declining.

If Mr. Asheim's regard for today's race of educators has not entirely atrophied he must know the deplorable financial plight of most schoolteachers today and so approve of their cause. As a person with school associations himself how can he fail to see the vast gap between, on the one hand, the teacher's grave responsibility in molding this generation plus his intensive training and, on the other, the meager recognition he receives in return.

Also, if the teachers' attempts to encourage post-graduation book reading have failed it isn't because of either their inability or insincerity, but rather because the public is as generous in granting aid for materials and facilities as it is in allotting funds for teachers' salaries.

HERBERT GOODRICH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Best Bargains There Are

CURTIS G. BENJAMIN

MY banker friend knew a lot about publishing. Over the lunch table we had spoken of the low state of fiction, the depressive influence of national and international affairs, the depressing influence of television, and of many other depressive and depressing things. Then my friend gave me the banker's eye; the worst, I gathered, was still to come. "But none of these," he said, "is primarily responsible for the sick state of the trade-book industry. It's a sick industry because it's so full of poor businessmen."

That meant me. He was knocking at my door.

"Well, we do have our idealistic editors," I mumbled. "And, of course, some of us like to think of it more as a profession than a business—"

"Some?" interrupted my friend, and now the eye was really cold. "Not some! Your industry is full—from top to bottom, mind you—of those who *choose* to be poor businessmen. You're hopelessly romantic over your profession and your product. You love books and disdain economics. You refuse to look facts in the face."

That meant me again. I said that I thought he was being too hard on us.

"Am I?" he replied, and now the eye was withering. "Let's take but one example. Let's look at your prices."

He did not have to elaborate. I knew what he meant. It would have been more comfortable to change the subject, but he was off. I had to listen to him spell out the details of a situation I well knew. As a matter of fact, I could have told *him* a few things, but they would have only added to the indictment that he was leveling at my innocent head.

Back at my desk an hour later I faced our sales manager. Usually a bright and happy fellow, now he was sad—very sad. "It's about this dog-kennel book," he said. "We've priced it too high. I don't like to bring it up again, but four dollars is just too high."

"Too high?" Now I began to feel gloomy. "I thought we had priced it too low. The cost figures and your sales estimates indicated a four-fifty price. We agreed last week that as a compromise four dollars was on the low side."

"I know," he said dolefully. "But what we really wanted was a three-fifty book. Our editor Miss Fancier, who knows more about dogs than anyone else in the house, says kennel owners simply won't pay four dollars for a book. She knows about kennel owners, too. She says it's a bad year for dog breeders."

"But we're selling books, not dogs," I said, summoning all the force of logic to back me up. "Besides, it says right here on the jacket that this book will enable all kennel owners to increase their profits by hundreds, even thousands, of dollars each year."

"But that's after they have bought the book," he countered, showing that he, too, knew something about the force of logic.

"Yes," I admitted, "but surely they would pay four dollars for a book that will show them how to do it?"

"Well, personally I feel they might," he said. "I think that Miss Fancier in this instance may be wrong. But Hal Puffer, our top salesman, says we can't get the book in the stores at four dollars. He says the stores simply won't stock it at that price. So where would we be even if the customers were willing to pay four dollars for it?"

This was beginning to get complicated. I wished that my banker friend had all these pieces to fit together. "Then Hal is convinced that the stores would rather stock and sell a three-fifty item than a four-dollar item?" I asked.

"It's not that at all," came the ready answer. "Hal simply thinks the bookstore buyers won't accept it as a four-dollar item. After all, the book has only 208 pages, not counting front matter and index. The jacket is very plain. And our advertising appropriation isn't exactly what you'd call impressive."

"So Hal and Miss Fancier have convinced you that we've got to reduce the price to three-fifty?"

I tried looking at him witheringly, like my banker friend, but obviously it didn't work.

"Oh, no," he said brightly. "I think we can get away with three seventy-five. The bookstores will stock it at that price—ones and twos only, of course. And customers might buy at that price—they would at least have some change left from their four one-dollar bills."

"No," I said firmly, possibly under the mistaken notion that I knew at least the kindergarten principles of business. "We can't hope to break even on a price less than four dollars—you know that as well as I do. It's got to be four dollars."

"If that's the way it is, that's the way it is," he said, completely enveloped in his aura of melancholy. "I really didn't want to bring it up again. But I thought you ought to know that the advance will be practically nil. And we'll probably be stuck with a good part of the first printing at that price. But if that's the way it is—"

AN HOUR or so later that same afternoon our agency man, one of the very best in the book-advertising business, was advising us on plans for one of the top books in our forthcoming spring list. It was a novel on which we had set high hopes.

"It's really a three-dollar book," he said, "but maybe you can get three-fifty for it. Certainly no more than that."

"What does that mean—really a three-dollar book?" I asked.

"It means a book the public would expect to pay three dollars for. Considering its size, its theme, and the type of reader it's aimed at three dollars is about right—traditionally."

"Traditionally?" I queried. "What does tradition have to do with it? Or do you mean three dollars *was* about right—ten years ago, maybe."

"That's right. Ten years is a long time, I'll admit. But people still don't

"He held her in his arms and felt the beat of the jungle, the roar of the ocean, the . . ."

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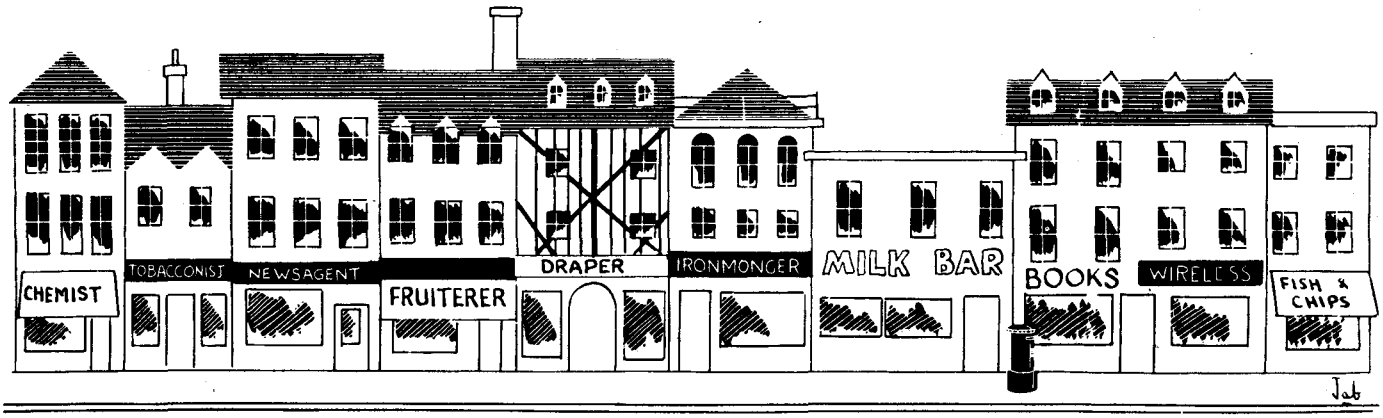

want to pay more than that for this kind of book."

"And what did they want to pay twenty years ago?"

"About two-fifty. Two-fifty would have been a good price then."

"Good God!" I shouted, the image of my banker friend looming before me. "What kind of business are we in, anyway? Don't you know our costs have increased more than 100 per cent in the past twenty years and much more than 50 per cent in the past ten? Don't you know —"

"Yes, I know," he said, cutting me off kindly. "I know all that—I read J. K. Lasser regularly. But you can't change human nature can you?"

"That's your department," I said shortly. "You should tell me. But I can tell you for sure that you can't change printers' and binders' bills or our weekly payroll."

"Nor can you pay them unless you get real sales volume," he countered. "I give you my word, a four-dollar price—and that's what you're thinking of, I'm sure—would cut your sale of this book in half at least."

"No," I said, "I was thinking of three seventy-five. The customers would still have some change left from their four one-dollar bills."

The agency man shook his head.

"The odd-change theory is O.K. for mail-order books and for certain kinds of mass-market non-fiction, but it's no good for fiction," he affirmed with authority. "No, you simply can't sell a novel for more than three-fifty these days. Certainly not a novel with a light theme, like this one."

"Light or heavy," I argued, "on a 1930 or 1940 price base and with our present costs this book should be sold for four-fifty or five dollars. If people have to pay a mark-up of 100 per cent for other goods why should they expect to be able to pay only two-fifty or three dollars for their novels?"

"You'd be crazy even to think of trying to sell this book for four-fifty or five dollars," he told me with finality.

Since I was paying for his advice I had to take it. I knew, though, that the margin on that particular book at three-fifty would justify no more than the initial advertising expense — at least for many weeks to come. I knew, too, that the author and Hal Puffer would be mighty unhappy in those weeks. But I said no more.

Being in a thoroughly cantankerous state of mind I left the office early that afternoon and, no less cantankerous, stopped at a bookshop on my way home. There I selected two novels, one priced at three-fifty, the other (a very large one) priced at four-fifty. Just to see what would happen, I complained to the clerk about the "outrageously high prices." He was understanding and sympathetic and readily admitted the prices were rather high for fiction. One book was well worth the high price, he was sure. The other (the four-fifty one) was vastly overrated and wasn't worth half the price in anybody's money—certainly not in his, he added forcefully. I put both books back on the shelf and turned to the non-fiction counters. Two of the higher-priced titles were selected from among the current favorites, and again I complained bitterly to the clerk. He remained most sympathetic and was very polite but he gave me no argument at all. By then he was interested only in gettring rid of a crotchety customer who obviously had had a hell of a hard day at the office.

AT HOME that night my family took refuge after dinner in the television room. I settled down in the opposite, non-video end of the house and started in on an accumulation of London newspapers. I know of nothing in these disturbing days that is more quieting to the mind than a leisurely reading of the British papers after the news is several days old. The second wrapper was broken open, and I unfolded the March 11 issue of *The Observer*. On the first page was a quietly humorous photograph in modernistic style, entitled, "The *décor* of a butcher's empty window, with roofs and clouds reflected in its glass." Excellent, I mused. What wonderful people, these Britishers!

I browsed my way to page four, and —Glory be!—what should I find but an article by Ivor Brown bearing the heart-lifting title "Books Are a Bargain." As I read I could hardly believe my senses. It was much too good to be true. Mr. Brown was saying exactly what I had long wanted to say, and he was saying it better than ever I could hope to.

"Buying a book was traditionally something of a struggle for an Englishman," he started out, stating an opening theme quietly. Then he went on to note that in recent years the bookshop visitor has fallen into the habit of grumbling that prices are so high. "Why should he?" Mr. Brown asks. "The bookseller should be firm in reply to him. It can be fairly claimed that books are the best bargain of our inflationary times, even if prices have to climb yet further upwards in the autumn."

Then after having asked, "What are the facts?" Mr. Brown laid them fully and squarely on the line (and the facts are far more ugly in England than here). Having done this he stated baldly, "The real mystery is not why book prices have risen but why they have risen comparatively little. . . . From whichever angle the book is approached one thing is certain. The public is still getting a better bargain here than in most forms of expenditure. . . . More than ever do we all want value for money, and in the bookshop as well as in the library we can get it."

I felt much better. I even smiled.

Later that same night lying awake I wondered when we Americans would come to our senses on this problem of book prices. When would we stop giving my banker friend the chance to accuse us of being such poor businessmen? When would our booksellers start giving firm, honest, sensible replies to disgruntled customers? When would someone in the industry or someone on the fringe of it speak out on prices as Ivor Brown saw fit to speak out?

Maybe it will come from hunger, I mused wearily. Maybe in time we will be compelled to think clearly on this basic, all-important question. And maybe we will then begin to relate present-day actuality to present-day prices—and, equally important, do something to educate our customers to this relation. Until then? Well, until then my banker friend will probably have me over the barrel, for ours will probably continue to be a sick industry.

Curtis G. Benjamin is president of the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

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THE PRESS AND THE GREAT DEBATE

(*Continued from page 9*)

the single advent of Ridgway to Korea. One reporter said: "The performance and morale of the American soldier in Korea can be dated like the calendar of the Christian world—BR (before Ridgway) and in the years of Ridgway. The soldier once willing to run away is now becoming a professional soldier, more so than the one in World War II."

The war correspondents emphasized time and again the differences—from the troops' standpoint—between MacArthur and Ridgway. One reporter wrote, "There is great respect for Ridgway. MacArthur is as controversial in the foxholes as he is in Washington." Another said, "It is interesting to note that Ridgway has been visiting the front mostly on bad days when we were going backwards, instead of just on good days when there were 'good' headlines to make, as had been MacArthur's obvious policy."

Of course, there were some who felt that morale had remained unchanged, simply because most soldiers are pretty remote from their top generals. As one reporter put it, "Few G.I.s think of much besides mail, food, and going home." But with most of the reporters the story of troop morale in Korea is the story of Matthew Ridgway, far more than it is that of Douglas MacArthur or of his recall. However, troop morale is but one part of the military implications of the controversy.

One of the main pegs in MacArthur's argument with the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff has been over bombing Chinese Communist supply bases and build-up areas north of the Yalu River. It will be recalled that the General in his testimony before the Senate Committee said that his hands were tied because he could not pursue enemy aircraft beyond the border, let alone get at the Chinese "sanctuary." When asked if he justified this policy in global terms he replied that he was speaking as a theatre commander.

The working press gives the General a divided verdict on this one. A majority of 63 per cent says the policy of bombing bases in Manchuria is right—but mostly only in terms of the Korean fighting. Only 12 per cent of the correspondents believe the bombings would be justified under any conditions. The other 51 per cent favorable to MacArthur's position say that it is difficult to justify such a military policy in global terms. However, another 32 per cent are flatly opposed to the idea, even in the light of the Korean campaign alone. And 5 per cent reported no opinion.

This question provoked a good deal of emotion, especially among reporters with the troops. The argument given for bombing north of the Yalu is that you can't win a war without using all your weapons. One reporter explained it this way: "These people have gone to war with us, and I see no difference between killing them in Manchuria or in Korea. It is hard to let our infantry die because the Chinese have a sanctuary beyond the Yalu. These Chinese Communists need a hard, a very hard lesson." Another correspondent reasoned: "There's no such thing as half a war. Either you fight to win or get out. We've guaranteed the enemy protection of his flanks and rear—an unprecedented situation."

The arguments against bombing are based on the military point that we now do not have all the air power we need to provide effective cover within Korea. In addition, it is logical to expect that our own sanctuary in Japan would be subject to air attack. But the main argument against the bombings of Manchuria was a political one: it might provoke Russia into a Third World War, and that is not worth the risk. As one reporter summed it up, "Bombing Manchuria would be a needless risk of igniting a worldwide conflict while we are still unprepared."

So on two important phases of the military repercussions of the dismissal—the effect on morale of the troops and the decision not to bomb Manchurian bases—the reporters indicate mixed opinions. Most are evidently pro-Ridgway partisans as far as troop morale goes, but a majority tends to see some merit in MacArthur's proposal to bomb the bases. However, no more than 15 per cent of them feel that they can go all the way with MacArthur on the military phases of the controversy.

—*Wide World.*

General Matthew Ridgway—"superb."

The Man

THE CORRESPONDENTS recognize that part of the controversy is over Douglas MacArthur the man as much as it is over his policies. The main basis for judging the General is on his military record, his record in running the occupation of Japan, and his actions since his return home. Several of the reporters with the Eighth Army reported that, while they had respect for MacArthur as a military leader, they had serious questions about the way he had conducted the Korean campaign. It is obvious that they have a good deal more confidence in Ridgway as a military leader—at least for Korea.

But a big majority of the working press in Tokyo says that it feels much credit is due MacArthur for the way he handled the occupation. Some 91 per cent say that the occupation was generally successful. One correspondent summed up this majority feeling when he wrote: "As Bismarck said, 'diplomacy' is the art of the impossible. It was MacArthur's achievement to see how far it was possible to go in Japan and to reconcile the past, present, and future without humiliation or hatred. Neither Japan nor America ever need feel shame over this gentle occupation." A high 76 per cent say that MacArthur's administration went as far toward democratization of Japan as was possible for an occupying power to go. It is very clear that the press corps in Tokyo has a great deal of respect and commendation for the job the General did in Japan.

But crediting MacArthur with a job well done in Japan does not mean that the reporters think it will be difficult or impossible to maintain confidence in the United States there as a result of the General's removal. Some 82 per cent believe confidence in the U.S. can be maintained. Greg MacGregor of *The New York Times* summed up much of the feeling of the Tokyo correspondents when he reported, "The crowd which gathered each day outside the Dai Ichi building to watch the coming and going of MacArthur has neither increased nor diminished since Ridgway took the helm."

In fact, one of the main reasons why the overwhelming majority feels the MacArthur policies can continue in Japan is that Ridgway is the man who is taking over. As Walter Simmons of the *Chicago Tribune* wrote: "He [Ridgway] has a topnotch staff and has not surrounded himself by a tight inner circle of mediocrities as MacArthur did. The departure of Major General Courtney Whitney alone has removed a heavy burden from the occupation." The confidence in Ridgway both as a leader in Korea and in Japan runs so high that 67 per cent of the Tokyo group say he has been "superb."

But the fact remains that MacArthur the man receives full credit for carry-

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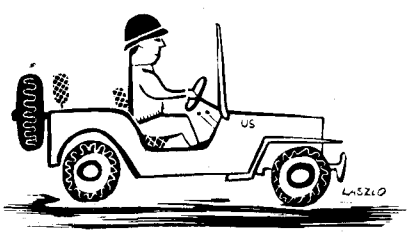
ing out a successful and reasonably democratic occupation of Japan from the working press stationed there.

When the General returned to this country and made his speech before Congress the Washington press corps took over coverage of the controversy. When asked if they approved or disapproved of MacArthur's conduct since his return the correspondents in the nation's capital split down the middle, with 44 per cent approving and 48 per cent not approving. Another 8 per cent registered no opinion.

Some of those who approve of the General's conduct are all out in their praise. As one lady correspondent said, "He is experienced, astute, and exceedingly adroit in his conduct, a brilliant and dynamic personality with dramatic appeal and magnetism." However, others okayed the General's conduct but with touches of faint damning. For instance, Arthur Sylvester, of the *Newark Evening News,* wrote, "I approve [of his conduct] because it gives an insight into what sort of man MacArthur is. Now that the General is down out of the clouds of Japan, if not of the Waldorf, he will appear more as a man and less as a legend." Cabell Phillips of *The New York Times* said, "I cannot condemn a man for 'doing what comes naturally'—which is what Mac has done. Any genuine egotist would have had to do the same."

But the main reason given for approving MacArthur's behavior since his return is that he not only richly deserved the home-coming tribute of the hero but he had an undeniable right to his say. As L. Edgar Prina, of the *Washington Star,* said, "After being relieved he has an undeniable right (although he could technically be muffled by Truman) to voice a policy for which he was ignominiously dismissed."

Those who disapprove MacArthur's conduct feel particularly strongly on it. And one of the main butts of their criticism is Major General Courtney Whitney. Sam Zagoria, of the *Washington Post,* summed up his views this way: "I respect his frankness in explaining his position and his courage in disassociating himself from Senator Taft's isolationist-all out interventionist policies, but I condemn his sniping at his Commander-in-Chief, usually through General Whitney." Another correspondent, William Stanfield, representing a string of Midwestern papers, was more succinct about it: "Disapprove. General Courtney Whitney. More need not be said." What appears to rankle the correspondents especially is that they resent not having a chance to interview the General in person and receiving hand-outs from Whitney. One said, "MacArthur's use of General Whitney is a shabby evasion of the role MacArthur elected for himself; if MacArthur is to be a great spokesman let him do his own talking." His using Whitney as his press representative evoked the greatest amount of criticism.



But running this criticism a close second are two others. One is that there is widespread feeling that General MacArthur is vain, pompous, and egocentric. As one wire-service reporter wrote, "His pose as unerring martyr gives me a swift pain." Another man said: "I regretted but approved MacArthur's removal. But his conduct since—his vain, strutting ways—makes his removal seem quite unregrettable." The other main source of criticism is that MacArthur has not been entirely honest in his public pronouncements, either in his speech before Congress (in which he strongly implied that the Joint Chiefs agreed with him), in his testimony before the Senate Committee, or in his speeches since. One reporter summed up this feeling: "I think he came dangerously close to deliberate deception in presenting his case to the American people before Congress and the Committee." Another observed, "He failed to give the whole truth about the events that led to his recall."

While some expressed inspired confidence in MacArthur the man, these came to only a minority. A large number of those who said they approved his conduct since his return based their choice on a strong feeling that he is entitled to his say. The General's critics are very outspoken on the subject of General Courtney Whitney, the vanity in MacArthur's make-up, and what they say is a lack of complete frankness in his public utterances.

Quite clearly MacArthur comes off best when looked on as a successful leader of our military occupation of Japan. The correspondents in Korea express criticism of him as a military leader in the field and show much higher regard for General Ridgway. While granting his right to speak fully when he returned home, the Washington correspondents are highly critical of what many say is the vain and deceptive way he has conducted himself in taking his case to the public.

Harbingers of '52

WHEN HE addressed the joint session of Congress General MacArthur made reference to the fact that issues such as he was raising were settled in a democracy through public opinion as expressed at the polls. This was taken to mean that the General felt his recall would be a major issue in the Presidential elections of 1952. If MacArthur hasn't cared to elaborate on the election implications of his case since certainly many of his Republican supporters have had no such reluctance.

But the press corps in Washington has a very divided opinion on whether or not the MacArthur recall will really be an important issue by November of next year. Some 46 per cent reported they think it will be a major issue; but 37 per cent think it will not. Only 7 per cent refused to guess. The most frequently given reason for thinking MacArthur will be a central point of debate is that the Republicans probably will make it an issue. As one reporter put it, "This seems almost inevitable, particularly since the Taft-Wherry-Martin-Hoover faction of the Republican Party believes it is in the ascendency again and will make the most of it."

However, most reporters in saying they believe the Republicans will make the General an issue add quickly that they think it might well also be their undoing. One correspondent wrote, "The Republicans will insist on it and not know they are wrong until after Election Day." Another said, "It is already a blazing issue, and the Republican Party hopes to use it to win victory. In their blind zeal for that triumph they may again lose sight of the fact that the American voter has a fundamental respect for good sportsmanship."

Another group who thinks it will be an issue have another, though not entirely different, theory. They believe the Democrats will seize on the recall as an issue and try to make the Republicans eat their words of April and May 1951. One reporter summed up this feeling when he said, "If perchance the Republicans finally get wise and drop it the Democrats will then tie it around the elephant's neck."

So some correspondents think MacArthur will be an issue in the Presidential campaign because the Republicans will seize on it, while others think the Democrats will use it. Still others see it not as a major issue by itself but as part of the whole debate on Far Eastern policy which has been raging for over a year now.

However, almost half the correspondents in Washington feel that the recall will be a dead issue by next year. Some give more general reasons for believing this, such as the fact that news moves quickly and the people soon tire of "Great Debates" and want a fresh controversy. Others, like Harry Price of the *Wall St. Journal,* think that after the hearings there won't be any issue to debate any longer. Price wrote, "Hearings so far have uncovered no grievous Administration errors—and it's going to be tough to sustain this story at its present pitch for 18 months."

But one of the big reasons many correspondents gave for saying the issue will fade is that the Republicans, who have made the most of it up to now, will realize they have a boomerang in hand. As one said, "The Republicans are breaking away from it very fast." Another put it this way: "I doubt if it will be a major issue, because the Republicans are afraid of backing him

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for fear of attaining the War Party label. Better to use it for merely minor sniping."

Running through the newsmen's comments on the political implications of the recall is the steady theme that it is highly unlikely that the Republican Party can ride to power on the appeal of General MacArthur. The reporters by and large appear to believe that if made an issue the recall will be much more likely to work to the advantage of the Democrats. It is evident that the Washington members of the working press have been impressed particularly with the testimony of Bradley and Marshall and to a lesser extent with that of Acheson. There has also been a good deal of criticism of the behavior of some of the Republican Senators who are members of the investigating committee. According to one reporter, "Republicans on the Senate Committee with few exceptions show a new low of political stupidity and partisanship."

Whether either the Democrats or GOP will care to stake much of their future in '52 on the MacArthur issue is a question the Washington correspondents have mixed estimates about today.

The Press

ONE OF THE issues which has been debated in the MacArthur controversy has been the role of the press. There are some people who say that a good deal of the furore was the figment of the American press's imagination, and others would just as vigorously deny this.

The *SRL* survey asked the correspondents attached to the U.N. and in Washington what they thought of the way the press had handled the issue. Certainly the composite attitude of the working press cannot be called entirely favorable to General MacArthur, to say the least. In fact, as these results have been reported it is evident that most correspondents are highly critical of the General and approve his recall.

But the survey reveals no such widespread criticism of the press by the men who write the copy. To be sure, they cite their exceptions, but 65 per cent answered that they thought press coverage was satisfactorily handled on the MacArthur episode, while only 14 per cent say a poor job was done. Another 22 per cent had mixed opinions: some papers were good, others bad. It is evident when judging the press in this way most reporters had in mind the fullness and completeness of the coverage rather than how slanted the coverage was. James Minifie of the *New York Herald Tribune* summed up a good many of his colleagues' feelings, "Covered magnificently—with a splendid disregard of costs and columns." Another reporter said, "As for space devoted to the story—astounding." Many were particularly pleased that so much of the Senate Committee's testimony was carried.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"New Road Show."

When it came to judging the performance of the press as far as undue bias or partisanship were concerned the newsmen were not quite as complimentary. Barely a majority of 52 per cent thought the handling of news stories was fair and objective. But 22 per cent charged most of the press with undue bias and 26 per cent more believed some papers were very objective, others very partisan in their news columns. On the question of bias very few newsmen were categorical. Usually if they checked "fair and objective coverage" they qualified their statement by naming a few newspapers as partisan exceptions. Similarly, usually if they checked "undue bias and partisanship" they qualified their remarks by citing a few exceptions which had objective coverage, in their opinion.

Out of these exceptions a definite pattern emerged. There was widespread feeling that the pro-MacArthur press had been most guilty of bias in reporting. Many felt that the General was overplayed in his personal activities. Others felt that often misleading headlines were placed over transcripts of the Senate Committee testimony.

But the reporters showed little hesitancy to name specific newspapers. That section of the press which was easily the most widely taken to task included those newspapers which are controlled by Colonel Robert McCormick. As one reporter put it, "Good, fair coverage with the exception of Colonel McCormick's empire, which has made a disgusting display worthy of Goebbels." Running second for rhubarbs was the Hearst press, and a little behind came the Scripps-Howard papers and the Luce publications. Also singled out by some for unfavorable mentions were the *Washington Post*, the *New York Post*, and *U. S. News and World Report*.

Just as the Hearst and McCormick press were the chief exceptions given by those who thought most coverage was fair and objective, there were several news organs which were praised by those who thought most coverage was unduly partisan. Chief among these was *The New York Times*, but close behind in praise came the *New York Herald Tribune* and *The Christian Science Monitor*. Credited with fair coverage but mentioned to a lesser extent were the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Washington Post*, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Several reporters also took pains to point out that they thought the wire services—Associated Press and United Press particularly—had done a thorough and objective job, particularly with the hearings. And as one wrote, "This is especially significant, since most people in this country read press-association news."

Of course, one interesting fact which emerged out of the *SRL* survey is that at least half of the reporters who generally supported Truman on the recall are accredited to newspapers which editorially have been outspoken MacArthur backers. One newsman from a large metropolitan daily explained this when he wrote: "My paper has been completely pro-MacArthur in this controversy, but I would say 90 per cent of the editorial staff supported—or even were in advance of—the President in his move. This despite the fact that few working newsmen are great admirers of Truman."

This problem of a newsman disagreeing with his paper's editorial position is, of course, an old one. And it cropped up in the course of the survey a good many times. Both in the letter sent with the questionnaire and on each ballot to be filled out the reporter was told that he would not be quoted by name unless he specifically said that he would give his permission.

Fully one third of the newsmen gave permission to quote by name. Another third expressly asked that they not be quoted. And roughly the final third did not sign their questionnaires. In some cases it was evident that a reporter in sharp disagreement with his editor and publishers did not care to draw issue with his bosses publicly. In the case of the wire services most correspondents said there were rules prohibiting their identification for publication. However, there were cases of wire-service reporters who signed their names and gave specific permission to quote them. And there were more than a few reporters who obviously disagreed with their employer's policies but who felt secure enough in their jobs to say publicly they didn't agree with his position. Some refused permission on the grounds that their paper spoke for itself on its editorial pages and reporters didn't have a right to speak in the name of the paper. Others saw themselves as individuals with a right to say what they thought irrespective of their publisher's stand. All in all the majority of reporters spoke with frankness and expressed their feelings and beliefs in forthright fashion.

And it is certainly evident they have made up their minds about the MacArthur episode.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

SOME HITCHCOCK MURDER & SOME PINZA MARRIAGE

Ezio Pinza and Janet Leigh—no "need of psychoanalysis."

ALFRED HITCHCOCK recently found a pleasing package for the exercise of his special talents in a novel by Patrica Highsmith called "Strangers on a Train," and he has lost little time in doing it over for the screen (Warner Bros.). No less a personage in the thriller field than Raymond Chandler worked with Czenzi Ormonde on the screen play, and on the whole what has turned out is a satisfying example of the genre that Graham Green likes to call "entertainments." It is, though, more in the nature of standard than spectacular Hitchcock that we get. "Stranger on a Train" has some of his usual virtues and also some of his usual defects. That is, he gets his yarn off to a disturbing and suspenseful start, introduces and builds a striking situation to the point where you wonder how in hell the hero is ever going to get clear of the web that he has become entangled in, and then starts throwing the ball away by straining your credulity to just too strong a degree. There is always somehow a point in a Hitchcock picture where you are unable to believe it anymore.

Perhaps one should allow Mr. Hitchcock the ultimate in suspension of disbelief in order to get full benefit of the surprises and chills he works for. But a British counterpart of his, Carol Reed, by concentrating on characterization and sound psychological motivation, as he did in "Odd Man Out," has shown that he can get with similar material into a dimension seemingly impossible for Hitchcock to reach. Hitchcock, on the other hand, too readily sacrifices these dependable ingredients in favor of plot developments that will maintain the suspense at a keen level. You then find a kind of facileness and artificiality that you did not get in Henry Hathaway's "Fourteen Hours," where the suspense grew more naturally out of the characters and situation.

The strangers who meet on the train are Guy Haines (Farley Granger), a tennis star, and Bruno Anthony (Robert Walker), the spoiled and, as it develops, psychotic son of a wealthy man. Bruno has been following Guy's career and not only knows some uncomfortable facts about his personal life but has an insinuating way of ferreting out others. He proposes, eventually, an exchange of murders: he'll do away with Guy's unpleasant wife in return for a favor on Guy's part, the murder of Bruno's father. Neither would come under suspicion since neither would have—what would be all-important in tracking down a murderer—a motive. Exit Guy at this point, post-haste, for he has enough sense to recognize a paranoid, after relatively brief acquaintance.

Since this is a Hitchcock picture murder is, of course, done—and very cunningly, too. I will not tell where, when, or how. But while the camera focuses on the actions of Bruno, whether he be at home simply conversing with his wonderfully addle-brained mother or strolling through an amusement park, Mr. Hitchcock is at his firm best. It's exciting, and one's nerves are pleasantly tickled. But by the time we get to the customary chase finale we have gone through some hocus-pocus, particularly where Guy's behavior is concerned, that is highly unlikely, even in the midst of the generally unlikely proceedings. The device at the end is a nice idea for camera purposes—having the two principals fight it out on a carrousel that has gotten wildly out of control (the plunging, fierce-eyed wooden horses; the terrified child, with his mother in the watching crowd unable to reach him)— but you are too aware of the Hitchcock tricks and sleight of hand that has made the scene possible.

Nevertheless, one just doesn't miss seeing Hitchcock pictures. Robert Walker gave an unusual performance as Bruno, and some of the more minor roles are done well by Leo G. Carroll, Laura Elliott, Marion Lorne, and by Mr. Hitchcock's daughter, Patricia. If you're one of those who try to catch a glimpse of the stout director in his own movie (he's always in it somewhere) you can detect him when he struggles aboard a train carrying a double bass very much his own size and shape.

* * *

I recently came across a book called "Movies: A Pychological Study," by Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, which quite wittily examines some of the more unconscious revelations to be found in movies, and I must still have been under the spell of the book when I viewed "Strictly Dishonorable" (MGM), a film that stars Ezio Pinza in the role of Augustino Caraffa, great singer of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Therefore, I noticed that Mr. Pinza at the age of fifty or so was still very much attached to and under the dominance of his mother. I also observed that he was quite ready to seduce a very young music student from the South when he was under the impression that she was a "bad" girl but when he discovered that she was "good" stoutly denied himself her worshipful advances. This remained true even after he married her (through events too complicated to describe) until mother finally contrived the nuptial kiss.

There was no hint at the end that either the aged singer or the twenty-year-old girl, appealingly played by Janet Leigh, thought themselves in any need of psychoanalysis. Perhaps it was what a friend of mine, who *has* been thoroughly analyzed, would call a case of complementary neuroses.

Wholesome or unwholesome as this may be (and for further ideas on the subject you many consult the above-mentioned book), the movie has a good many entertaining moments, some of them salvaged from the ori-

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ginal stage comedy written by Preston Sturges in the late Twenties and others grafted on by the current adapters, Melvin Frank and Norman Panama, who also co-produced and directed. In fact, I had the sneaking suspicion now and then that Mr. Frank and Mr. Panama were not being altogether "unconscious" about some of the implications they were letting through, for they have put in a few lines of the *double-entendre* type, which wouldn't have slipped by some state censorship boards if faces had not been kept perfectly straight while saying them. Mr. Pinza has moments when he is a little too heavily arch, but for the most part he is ingratiating, and at ease, even when up to some very silly business. It's too bad that more atmosphere of the Twenties wasn't included, for the tale takes place during the era of speakeasies and breach-of-promise suits, but whatever your feelings about this April-November romance, there's a lot of fun in it.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

Strictly Dishonorable: Reviewed in this issue.

Ace in the Hole: A boozed-up reporter seeking big-time comeback makes carnival of Albuquerque tragedy similar to Floyd Collins case. (*SRL* July 7.)

Native Son: Richard Wright playing Bigger Thomas in his story about a Negro chauffeur who accidentally kills a white girl. (*SRL* July 7.)

Captain Horatio Hornblower: All of the gusto, sweep, and color of the C. S. Forester series preserved in Technicolor. (*SRL* July 7.)

Excuse My Dust: A musical joshing the era when few people took the gasoline buggy seriously. (*SRL* June 30.)

He Ran All the Way: A study of the mental disintegration of an antisocial character when surrounded by normal human beings (*SRL* June 23.)

Go for Broke: How the Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat Team earned its honors. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers, the last in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia. Exciting, amateur photography, with witty narration by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

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TV and Radio

ALONG THE SUSTAINING CULTURE CIRCUIT

THE prestige of radio drama hit the mourner's bench on Sunday June 10 over the National Broadcasting Company network. The stage's Eva Le Gallienne, as epilogue to the first performance of "The New Theatre," a summer series of hour-long programs, said: "There's nothing quite like the living theatre. If you can't have the living theatre we can bring radio theatre into your homes. The theatre is a wonderful place. Join us at the theatre."

The program's announcer, presenting "The New Theatre," said it came from "New York, where America's stage begins . . . with Eva Le Gallienne, one of the theatre's greatest personalities, as M.C."

"Lux Radio Theatre" sells Hollywood. "The Screen Guild Players" and "The Screen Directors' Playhouse" sell Hollywood. The word "theatre" on many more radio-drama programs is synonomous with Hollywood. Radio hasn't blown its own drama horn since "The Columbia Workshop," and that was a long blow ago. Dramatization, that is, the processing of other literary forms—short stories, plays, novels, films—is radio's usual "theatre" function.

Now the final humiliation on "The New Theatre." NBC presents Miss Le Gallienne, properly a theatre enthusiast, practically apologizing to listeners for offering, as second best, radio theatre.

What is this "new" theatre that Miss Le Gallienne glows over? "Stories as exciting as today's headlines. . . . The best American writings of our time . . . grass roots." And what were the first plays? Dramatizations of a short story and a novel both of which have already been filmed: Ernest Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and Dorothy Baker's "Young Man with a Horn." These are to be followed by Budd Schulberg's "The Disenchanted" and other dramatizations of non-theatre works by Daisy Kenyon and Ann Petry.

Let there be no misunderstanding: this listener is not crossing swords with NBC—far from it. He is genuinely grateful for the annual summer swing to sustaining culture. To have for off-season radio processing the raw materials of Hemingway, Schulberg, *et al.*, is better than to have not. Neither is the mark "Le Gallienne" on the commodity hard to take: although repertory's Eva could just as well have been transcribed on the first-of-the-series broadcast; she needed no rehearsal for her brief interludes. Nevertheless, NBC should be able to understand the twinge of sadness experienced by a veteran of radio's drama wars. Wouldn't it be nice if "new" theatre meant, with head held high, new "radio" theatre?

"The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" was rather an odd choice with which to launch an American "grass-roots" series. It belongs to the "With Hemingway in Africa" category. Margot Macomber, a fading American beauty, kills her husband at the climactic moment of a big-game safari. The fatal shot comes as a wounded bull buffalo is charging Francis Macomber. Wilson, the safari's British professional hunter, assures the hysterical Margot that it was an accident, after pointedly suggesting murder.

In reading the original story I was prepared to accept the murder theory. Hemingway never lays it on the line, toying with the finish after the manner of "The Lady or the Tiger." He makes a strong case for murder, however, in the build-up. The Macomber's marriage had reached the stage where it was held together by the weaknesses rather than the strengths of husband and wife. Margot was dominant, given to expressing her *contempt* for Francis by flagrant infidelity. In the central act of mastering fear (after having previously cravenly bolted like a rabbit before a lion) Francis presumably foreshadows his escape from Margot's domination, and Margot, sensing the change, kills him.

As a listener to Ernest Kinoy's radio dramatization of the story I was not so certain it was murder. Mr. Kinoy was very successful in capturing the suspense of the hunt and the three-way tension exhibited by the Macombers and Wilson. He was not so successful in drawing a firm line leading to the murder. This may have been due to the scruples of the network censor, which forbid anyone getting away with murder on the air, or to the fact that the murder clues in the story are mostly in Hemingway's narrative rather than in the characters' dialogue.

SOMETIMES the avoidance of narration can mean a loss. Several of Hemingway's superb descriptive passages are in this story—plunging, headlong, breathless—and Mr. Kinoy might have found some way to sample them rather than give precious time to the narration he wrote for Miss Le Gallienne at the beginning of the dramatization. The only non-Hemingway portion of the show, it was by far the weakest.

But of course there had to be something for Miss Le Gallienne to do, and the problem was poorly solved. Miss Le Gallienne began as a third-person narrator, and then Wilson took over in the first person, with no significant relationship apparent between the two viewpoints—an unsatisfactory bit of technique. If one discounts this and the murky motivations involved in Macomber's death the Kinoy dramatization was efficient and effective. It was a pleasure to hear an honest attempt at transmitting to the microphone the story as Hemingway wrote it for the printed page.

Edward King's direction ably supported the suspense of the performance. Joan Alexander was hysterically expert as Margot; although Norman Rose was a bit British for the American and Wendell Holmes as Wilson a shade on the "character-man" side for this he-man role, both were competent. Hugh Kemp produced.

The most interesting contribution was made by the musical score, its strange jungle tonalities helping to heighten the mood. Oddly enough, the composer received no air credit. Producer Kemp might correct this oversight in future broadcasts.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Music to My Ears

MOZART, EBERT, BUSCH — AND GLYNDEBOURNE

LEWES, ENGLAND.

THERE may, according to the wartime ballad, always be an England, but will there always be a Glyndebourne? The possibility that increasing costs and static income might interrupt or terminate the notable series of annual events now approaching year Number Twenty would seem hardly believable had not one heard it on the spot from sources of unquestioned authority.

For this festival season of "Idomeneo," "Nozze di Figaro," "Cosi fan tutte," and "Don Giovanni" acknowledgment is made for the first time to a grant from Britain's Art Council. It can't be terribly much—the Arts Council doesn't give terribly much to any single enterprise other than Covent Garden—but it may well determine whether there will be a season next year or not.

Reconciling a balance sheet in the red with an audience unquestionably in the black of formal evening wear—or a struggle to make ends meet with the burgeoning beauty of the gardens in which Glyndebourne's theatre is set—can be difficult. But only till the curtain rises. For the kind of operatic performance delivered by the forces stage directed by Carl Ebert and conducted by Fritz Busch is a bargain at two guineas (about six dollars). I speak, of course, against the background of a Met top of seven dollars. But if Covent Garden can get what it asks (between three dollars and four dollars) for its present standard Glyndebourne is easily entitled to three times as much for its old one.

The great recordings of "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Cosi fan tutte" —now fifteen years old and due for replacement—have made that standard a byword of musical quality among the Mozart-minded. What they could not do, and what no verbal presentation has ever done, is justice to the planning, integration, and balance of Ebert's visual counterpoint to the sound of Mozart's music. No doubt there are some savants who will say that such things were a commonplace in Mainz in 1924 or in some other equally improbable place, but not having seen it in Salzburg or Paris or Munich or various other representative places before the war I find it hard to believe that it is not his own brand of thing completely.

A sampling of local opinion may be worth a mention. Ernest Newman found "Idomeneo" the "best of the many fine productions Carl Ebert has given us." Martin Cooper, while not dissenting in this view, thought this year's "Figaro" below the standard of previous ones at Glyndebourne. If I nevertheless enjoyed "Figaro" by much more there is the best of good reasons in the nature of the two scores. Productionwise I could scarcely see the difference thus clearly apparent to those adjusted to Glyndebourne standards.

Fritz Busch—"taste and soundness."

To be sure, "Idomeneo" is far the more difficult to animate, to pace, to make absorbing (believable or convincing it never can be). Utilizing to the full a clever setting by Oliver Messel (tiered platforms gave an artificial but effective prominence to the character who happened to be singing at a given moment, and a shrewd use of perspective gave unbelievable depth to the shallow stage) Ebert accomplished the goal to which all directors aspire but few attain—abundant action but not too much; sparing gesture but not too little.

For all the beauties of Mozart's music, the first two acts hardly provide the materials of a stage drama. We know as Idemante rejoices in the leniency of the gods which has spared his father's life in a storm at sea that he must be the sacrifice to Neptune instead. But it is quite a time before he discovers this himself. In the interim the motivation lapses sadly, as one character after another sings solo airs which are monotonously beautiful—if the concept is admissible—but almost as dramatically stationary as the Handelian "operas." Mozart develops his third act with the innate dramatic temper he possessed even at twenty-four, but it is almost, if not quite, too late.

Ebert has done virtually the impossible in sustaining some kind of eye appeal through these static stretches, in building a foundation on which the struggle for supremacy between the earthly and the godly forces of the legend can be played out. If in the end one remembers the well-known overture, Ilia's equally well-known "Zefrite lusinghieri," and the great quartet of the final act as the enduring reasons for listening to "Idomeneo," one could hardly doubt that as much as humanly possible had been done to make it worth watching as well.

Musically "Idomeneo" was occasion for acquaintance with the fine art and striking presence of the Yugoslavian soprano Sena Jurinac, who sang a splendid Ilia, and reacquaintance with the taste and soundness of Fritz Busch's kind of Mozart. Birgit Nilsson as Electra showed a soaring dramatic voice which she may one day fully control; Richard Lewis (Idomeneo) and Leopold Simoneau (Idemante) demonstrated the best of good will to compensate for rather limited tenor voices, in a style for which ordinary repertory provides scant background.

* * *

Had I not seen Ebert working with the "Figaro" cast as long ago as May I would have thought Lisa della Casa (the Countess) one of the great singing actresses of the day and Alfred Poell (the Count) an uncommonly good actor. Recognizing one sequence of her action done exactly as Ebert had composed it made one aware that the impulse for all the rest doubtless came from the same source. In a paraphrase of the old contention, "There are no great orchestras, only great conductors," one might say, "There are no great actresses, only great directors." At that, Ebert could not make a Pinza of a Pernestorfer (speaking not of their singing of Figaro's music, only of the action), and the young Americans—Genevieve Warner as Susanna and Dorothy MacNeil as Cherubino—had absorbed so much, spongelike, in the last six weeks that they were predestined to be a little logy.

Giving a little here, taking a little there, Busch made this a "Figaro" to cherish in the mind, and the contingent of Royal Philharmonic players in the pit provided at least forty-four good reasons to fix it in the ear. A bird in the hand, adagewise, may be worth two in the bush; but the two American vocal birds will be much better for the summer spent in the hand of Busch.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Flora and Miles in "The Turn of the Screw," by Henry James. 2. Bonnie Butler in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 3. "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie. 4. Hedwig in "The Wild Duck," by Henrik Ibsen. 5. Pip in "Great Expectations," by Charles Dickens. 6. Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," by L. Frank Baum. 7. Eppie in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot. 8. Christopher Robin in "Now We Are Six" and other books, by A. A. Milne. 9. Amy March in "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. 10. Cosette in "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo.

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U. S. A.

(*Continued from page 20*)

country. He has done what no general historian of the period has yet done—revealed the extent to which religious, racial, and national prejudices beclouded the political atmosphere and made difficult the adoption of rational policies by the Government. Tumulty was obviously on the "inside" of the Administration, and Mr. Blum has given a penetrating analysis of the way in which the executive branch was run. However, the best parts of the book in this reviewer's opinion are the last three chapters, in which the author recounts the tragic story of Wilson's illness and the President's and Mrs. Wilson's utter and complete bungling of the Treaty fight in the Senate. In this connection he introduces much evidence that is new and revealing.

In spite of the general high quality of this biography, it has certain limitations that the reviewer must take account of. Most of them arise from Mr. Blum's failure to divorce himself emotionally from his subject, so that one often gets the impression that he judges issues and personalities through Tumulty's eyes alone. This is not an uncommon biographical flaw, but it is a serious one. There are two significant examples of it. In the first instance, because Tumulty was in large measure a creature of Wilson, Mr. Blum has been compelled to grapple with the mystery of Wilson's complex personality, and the portrait of Wilson that emerges from these pages is not altogether a fair one. There is so much emphasis on the unpleasant traits in Wilson's personality that the final portrayal of the man is almost a caricature. In the second case, the scandal over the appointment of James M. Sullivan as Minister to the Dominican Republic, Mr. Blum is guilty almost of distortion and falsification of the issues in order to protect Tumulty, who was deeply involved. This, fortunately, is the only part of the book of which this can be said. "Joe Tumulty and the Wilson Era" is by and large competent, exciting, and exceptionally well written and should appeal as much to the general public as to the scholars.

Arthur S. Link, a member of the history department at Northwestern University, is at work on a life of Woodrow Wilson, the first volume of which, "Wilson: Road to the White House," has already been published.

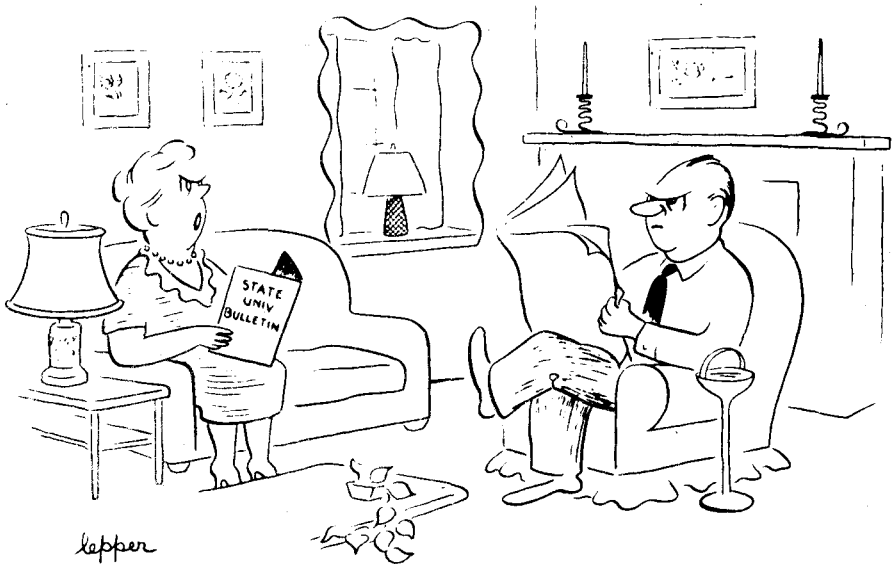
U. S. A. Notes

THE CLOSING OF THE PUBLIC DOMAIN: Disposal and Reservation Policies, 1900-1950. By E. Louise Peffer. Stanford University Press. $4.50. Despite the fact that the Federal Government owns — presumably in the name of its citizens—some 400,000,000 acres of land or about one-fifth of the continental USA excluding Alaska, few people look upon the matter with other than the mildest interest. The overwhelming majority, the true owners, are indifferent to what happens to their property. This harsh judgment is the only kind admissible after a reading of Dr. Peffer's story of public-domain policy during these past fifty years. Aside from some short-lived conservationist crusades, the fate of your lands and mine in the West have been determined by two sometimes mutually hostile groups—a small body of civil servants and a sprinkling of businessmen devoted to ranching, mining, and timber.

Not that this book is angry or intemperate. On the contrary, it is a solid package of fact, its writing often in typical scholarly prose and its narrative antiseptically strained of emotion. Dr. Peffer's approach is historical and thus, in most cases, above the battle. But because any discussion that involves 20 per cent of the United States contains its own fascination, her authoritative book contains inherently exciting material. For in this century the pugnacious Western stockmen have merely transferred their wars from the range to the floor of Congress. And if the principal characters in winning (or losing) what remains of the West to be won (or lost) now operate in Washington disputing policy instead of in the Golden Gulch saloon disputing land claims—the stakes are still high and the players well known. In historical order the author presents Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, "Fighting Bob" LaFollette and R. A. Ballinger, FDR and Harold Ickes and Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada. The last named achieves clear title as the book's "heavy" and has a chapter all his own.

This minute summary may seem facetious, but the import of its content is not. Dr. Peffer's own conclusions on the government and recent use of the public domain pinpoint fifty years of contemporary history and a challenge poorly met: "Twentieth-century pioneering was too frequently exploitive; it was acquisitive in its less attractive connotation; it was speculative. It was part and parcel of a postfrontier world. . . . Unregulated expansion into a region meant by nature to be range country did serious, often irreparable, damage to the land. . . . Congress knew these conditions; it had been reminded often enough. Yet it refused, and still refuses, to supply corrective legislation until the corrective legislation is itself out of date. . . . The real obstacle has always been the electorate."

—PETER R. LEVIN.



"I see where the average income of members of the Class of '20—your class—is $16,000!"

UNCLE SAM'S ACRES. By Marion Clawson. Dodd, Mead. $5. One-fourth of the continental USA is still "public domain," operated by the Federal Government. As director of the Bureau of Land Management in the U. S. Department of the Interior Maria Clawson is "top hand" for 180,000,000 acres of national parks, forests, and submarginal land between Maine and California, plus 300,000,000 acres in Alaska (99 per cent of the area of that territory). All of the national parks — Yellowstone, Glacier, the Great Smokies, and 173 others—are part of this tract. So are great parcels of desert and mountain in the Far West. (Uncle Sam owns 85 per cent of Nevada, 45 per cent of California, 73 per cent of Utah and Arizona, more than half of Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon.)

"Uncle Sam's Acres" is a detailed, chatty report on the kinds of land con-

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trolled by the Federal Government, the methods by which it was acquired, and the uses to which it is being put. Federal tracts have been the outdoor laboratories during the past fifty years for development of methods of soil-conservation, forestry - management, wild-life protection, and other vital adjustments between Nature and technologized-man. The author believes that Federal land holdings will increase through barter and "condemnation" to approximately one-third of our total area. There will be more national parks and recreational areas; reserve tracts of vital minerals, oils, and timber; watershed projects like TVA and Grand Coulee and more centers for broad experimentation in development of natural resources. This is an excellent reference for the student of economics, history, and land-policies (or politics). The over-all implications are vital information for every voter-owner. —ROBERT WEST HOWARD.

TAXES, THE PUBLIC DEBT, AND TRANSFERS OF INCOME. By Donald C. Miller. University of Illinois Press. Paperbound, $2. Clothbound, $3. Ever since FDR's first budget message in 1933, which indicated that the Federal Government was going to spend more money than it snatched back in taxes, argument has been rife on the size, prodigious growth, and effect of the U. S. public debt. Bankers on the whole have been aghast, while Treasury officials seemed unconcerned; and economists, those supposedly professional and non-partisan experts, have been unable to agree among themselves.

Into this argument—for it is quite as much an argument for argument's sake as it is a genuine problem—comes Mr. Miller's highly technical and somewhat narrowly restricted discussion. As monographs go it is a worthy contribution not only to the literature (if you can call it that) of economics but also, given some effort on the part of the reader, to the public understanding. Gazing without fear at our paper pile of debt-ridden dollars what the author wants to know is this: how does the public debt affect income distribution? And what effect does this huge debt have on our national income?

One hundred-odd discursive and occasionally statistical pages later he comes to his answers. Having explored who pays our taxes and who collects interest on U.S. bonds, Mr. Miller says that heavy taxpayers also receive heavy interest. In fact, they get back more than their proportional share of the tax-money that services the debt. So the debt's existence is doing the exact opposite of driving the rich to ruination. Secondly, because the rich don't spend up to their income, debt-ownership in their hands has a deflationary result. During inflationary times like these the rich are therefore very estimable citizens to have around.
—PETER R. LEVIN.

"Seven Years I Have Not Slept In A Bed..."

To Georgia, sleeping on the damp, cold earth is but one memory of a childhood that has known only grim despair. Her heritage of horror and stark tragedy began in 1943, when her father perished, along with all the males over 15 in her Greek village. All were burned, hanged or shot by raiding Germans. Their home destroyed by fire, Georgia and her mother moved into what was formerly a stable. Somehow they survived. The earthen floor of the hovel was their bed.

But suddenly, a miracle has come into Georgia's life—she has learned that words like love, kindness, tender care, have meaning for her too! Gratefully she writes to her American Foster Parent, "My mother and I were very moved by your wonderful gifts, 1 bed, 1 mattress, 1 quilt and 2 sheets. It is seven years now that I have not slept in a bed. Suddenly I'm the richest person in the world. I pray to God to keep you well and happy. With much love and fond kisses."

This ten year old is but one of thousands needing help. Many have been maimed and disfigured by war. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes and prosthetic limbs.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a foster parent, or by contributing funds for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, glass eyes. You will receive a case history and photograph of your child, who is told clearly how he is being helped and that you are his foster parent. Children thus feel that they have a friend, rather than someone who is just giving them charity. Correspondence through our office is encouraged so that you can ask the child questions about his health and welfare that you would want to know if these were truly your own children.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities—in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

FILMS FOR ART'S SAKE

FILMS on the fine arts have come to us from Europe, and judging by the current American productions they have sired and inspired they have succeeded in making themselves at home in this country. Partly because it is relatively inexpensive to photograph canvas and stone and partly because the photographing of still objects provides valuable exercise to the film-maker the art film is both a boon and a challenge to the producer. To audiences the art film provides a chance for critical appraisal both of great works he is not likely to see at first hand and of motion-picture techniques bared at times to the very bone.

The films listed below range from European productions of the early 1930s, which in many ways still dominate the art scene, to contemporary American and foreign films, in which varying degrees of achievement are displayed. Intensive study of each would cover in detail such important items as photography, lighting, editing, narration, music, continuity, and overall effectiveness. However, because of lack of space pertinent criticisms along these lines are condensed to include only the most outstanding features of each film. Audiences interested in the fine arts and in the art of the motion picture will find these films worth comparing at first hand.

DIE STEINERNEN WUNDER VON NAUMBURG (THE STONE WONDERS OF NAUMBURG).
Produced in 1935 by Deutsch Universal; directed by Rudolph Bamberger and C. Oertel. Available to educational groups from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53rd St., New York 19. (17 min.)

A truly magnificent photographic study of the Romanesque stone statues of the Naumburg Cathedral, with an impressive Bach organ accompaniment. Special lighting effects and slowly rounded camera movements make this a model film recording of three-dimensional art. Similar techniques are to be found in Oertel's film on Michelangelo, released in this country under the title "The Titan." German commentary, no subtitles.

EASTER ISLAND.
Produced in 1934 by Cinema Editions; directed and photographed by John Ferno; edited by Henri Storck; music by Maurice Jaubert; commentary by Dr. Henri Lavachery. Available to educational groups from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, see above. (30 min.)

Much of the film is concerned with the huge, enigmatic stone heads found on Easter Island in the Pacific, remains of a little-known isolated culture. Modern decay of that culture is presented in the second portion of the film, photographed in the island's leper colony. Of particular interest to anthropologists as well as to serious art students. French commentary, no subtitles.

MAILLOL.
Directed by Jean Lods. Available for rental and purchase from the Franco-American Distribution Center, 934 Fifth Ave., New York 21. (22 min.)

A thoroughly enjoyable visit with the aged sculptor and an impressive cinematic display of his fine works, full-figured female nudes for the most part. Available in French and in English.

COMPOSERS IN CLAY.
Produced by Thomas Craven; directed by René Lucot; photographed by André Dantan; art supervision by Malvina Hoffman. Available for purchase from World Film Associates, 38 East 57th St., New York 21; for rental from United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29. (25 min.)

An eclectic survey of modern French sculpture and sculptors, including Bourdelle, Belmondo, Yencesse, Lamourdedieu, Gaumont, etc., with a fleeting glimpse of the better known Maillol and Despiau. The film reaches out in a multitude of directions; including lengthy and somewhat confusing explanations of casting in clay, plaster, and bronze. Almost any one of the film's sequences could be expanded into an interesting movie, but all together they lack sustained interest and continuity.

RODIN.
Production and distribution as for "Composers in Clay." (25 min.)

Using contemporary scenes familiar to Rodin himself, still photographs, and motion-picture reproductions of the artist's work, the film attempts to create a biographical setting for its treatment of Rodin and his sculpture. Recognizable achievement is attained, perhaps because, unlike "Composers in Clay," the film has a defined subject and approach.

MEN OF OUR AGE.
Written and directed by Henri Cassirer; photographed and edited by David Tullen. Distributed for purchase only by Official Films, Grand and Linden Ave., Ridgefield, New Jersey. For rental consult nearby SRL film referral libraries. (10 min.)

The works of Jo Davidson are presented here in full force—an astonishing assortment in bronze, terra cotta, and marble of the heads (and a few full figures) of some two-dozen noteworthy men of our times. Each gets only fragmentary treatment in this short film, and for the most part lighting, photography, and editing are hardly worth mentioning. But here and there a figure comes across most beautifully, as that of André Gide, Sinclair Lewis, or the elder John D. Rockefeller. Except for these occasional brilliances "Men of our Age" is static and routine. The commentary strains at a message which is both elusive and unnecessary. The sculptor appears at the end of the film to clasp hands with an enormous statue of Walt Whitman, which is certainly carrying things a bit too far.

FROM TREE TRUNK TO HEAD.
Produced and directed by Lewis Jacobs. Distributed for rental and purchase by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19. (28 min.)

This film has at least the advantages of a unified theme, a photogenic sculptor (Chaim Gross), and enough shooting time and advance preparation to show an entire artistic process in an informative and interesting way. Shot and edited with imaginative effort at obtaining movement and a feeling of artistic achievement, it is also warm and personal with regard to the artist. Without spoken commentary the film experience manages to be convincing throughout. There is a noticeable lagging in pace, partly inevitable if the film is to convey an idea of the laborious process of wood carving, yet partly also the result of some heavy-handed experimentation by the film-maker.

HENRI ROUSSEAU LE DOUANIER.
Written and directed by Lo Duca; musical score based on a waltz composed by Rousseau. Available from the French Embassy through A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19. (17 min.)

A study of the artist's own world

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—*From "The Photographer."*

" . . . precision and splendor of [Edward] Weston's landscapes."

and dreams as he interpreted them in his paintings, many of which have never been displayed in this country. Amusing and deft, the film suffers (but not irreparably) for lack of color. In all it is a slight yet enjoyable production. French commentary, no subtitles.

BALLET BY DEGAS (10 *min., color.*)
CRUCIFIXION THEME AND VARIATIONS (15 *min., color.*)
THREE PAINTINGS BY H. BOSCH (12 *min., color.*)
Produced by Film-Makers Inc. Directed by Mavis Lyons and Jean Lenauer; photographed by George Jacobson. Distributed for purchase and rental by Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York 19.

"Ballet by Degas" uses only six canvases: "The Ballet Class," "Coryphée Resting," and "Ballerina and Lady with Fan," all from the Philadelphia Museum of Art; and "On Stage," "Dancers Practising at the Bar," and "Pink and Green" from the Metropolitan Museum. With minimal camera motion, slowly paced editing, and no spoken commentary the film makes Degas' otherwise lively figures seem unnaturally stiff and dull. Close-ups seem to underscore Degas' weak points, since neither his colors (except in the pastel "Pink and Green") nor his backgrounds come across well in blown-up detail. The film left me most unhappy, but it is worth reporting that at least one person whose opinion I value found it absorbing and moving.

In contrast, the structural details and brilliant color in "Three Paintings by H. Bosch" and "Crucifixion Theme and Variations" are heightened by slow, close-range film treatment. "Crucifixion" begins with a sensible introduction and identification of the three Flemish pictures which comprise the film's pictorial content. This is an innovation which makers of art films might well take up as standard practice, as part of the regular titles and credits. After the storied scrutiny of the paintings, accompanied by appropriate words from the New Testament and by the music of Verdi and Bach, another view of the entire paintings would have been most welcome. This, alas, was left undone.

The Bosch film deals only with episodes in the life of Jesus, pictorially of high interest. However, the editing effects consist almost solely of repeated use of important scenes and fail in my opinion to create the desired contrasts. A modernized commentary seems also to fall somewhat short of bringing the material to life.

All three of the films are interesting for what they accomplish and for what they try to accomplish. Yet more than any of the other films reviewed here they seem incomplete, half-finished.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.
Directed by Philippe Este. Distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19. (15 *min.*)

An orthodox newsreelish tour of Parisian museums and studios, on the whole informative, interesting, and unstrained. Of the canvases we see some of Matisse, Picasso, Braque, of Dérain, Roualt, Dufy, and Vlaminck as representative of the great moderns. Of the artists at work we see André L'Hôte, Leger, Chagall, and among the younger generation Bernard Lorjou and André Minot.

MATISSE.
Produced in 1946 *by the Direction Générale des Rélations Culturelles; directed by Campaux; commentary by Jean Cassou. Available for rental and purchase from the Franco-American Distribution Center, 934 Fifth Ave., New York* 21. (25 *min.*)

Most interesting for its friendly visit with the aging artist and for its glance over his shoulder as he draws in camera-captured slow-motion. The technique of the film is interesting throughout; unfortunately, it does not seem well applied to this artist and his work since drawing is not Matisse's forte, and his paintings look a bit sick deprived of their rich color. Versions available in French and in English.

A NEW WAY OF GRAVURE.
Produced by Jess Paley. Distributed for rental and purchase by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19. (12 *min., color.*)

Here is a fine example, if one is needed, of how an essentially interesting and attractive film can be utterly ruined by poor commentary. In the step-by-step picturization of the making of an engraving on copper, artist Stanley William Hayter and photographer Jess Paley have collaborated well and achieved very handsome results.

But the written and spoken commentary is so uninterpretive, so dull, and so badly read (by the artist himself, it turns out) that the film was completely spoiled for me.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.
Produced by Affiliated Film Producers for the U.S. State Dept. Photographed and directed by Willard Van Dyke; commentary by Irving Jacoby. Distributed for purchase only by Castle Division of United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29. *For rental consult nearby* SRL *film referral libraries.* (26 *min.*)

In presenting Edward Weston as one of America's foremost artists "The Photographer" could hardly fail to be a thing of pictorial beauty. The precision and splendor of Weston's landscapes have here been recorded on motion picture with the special care and affection and skill that only his friend and former student Willard Van Dyke could be expected to achieve. The commentary, while sensitive and clear in places, is never as neat and as sharp as the film's pictorial content.

But, despite a defect of this kind, the film is sound and valid in many other ways. In showing Weston at his camera, in his dark-room, and among friends the film adds considerably to our understanding of the artist and of photography as an art. "The Photographer" is one art film that is rooted to feeling and expressions which are of popular interest and significance. Few subjects would lend themselves so well to the art of the motion picture.

"The Photographer" is primarily a film to see and enjoy; secondarily it is a film about art. Few American art films can make that claim—with the notable exception of "Grandma Moses" (distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York).

—CECILE STARR.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE SCOURGE OF THE SNEEZE

SOMEWHERE in mid-August about four million Americans will begin to suffer from a runny, itchy nose. They will be wracked from head to heel by thunderous sneezes. Their eyes will get red and fill with tears. They will experience a dry, itchy throat. Some will even have trouble hearing, tasting, and many will lose their sense of smell. Mid-August in most parts of the USA marks the beginning of the ragweed pollen season, and for anybody with hay fever the time of the Big Sneeze will have begun.

One of the most misleading names in medicine, hay fever is not caused by hay and it doesn't bring on a fever. It is an allergy, or hypersensitiveness, to air-borne pollen discharged by trees, grasses, or weeds. Attacking 3 per cent of the population, hay fever frequently finds a victim whose family has a history for other allergies. If you are going to get hay fever the symptoms will usually appear between the ages of twenty and forty. Six in every ten hay-fever sufferers—frequently because they neglect treatment—eventually develop asthma.*

Although the season varies across the country, people who are vulnerable to tree pollen generally suffer from March through late April or early May. The grass season runs from mid-May until mid-July. The weeds, by far the worst offenders, contaminate the air from mid-August to the beginning of October. One weed, the English plantain, pollinates from mid-May right into the autumn. Most hay-fever patients are susceptible to one form of pollen and will therefore suffer effects only during the season of that particular plant. Other unfortunates suffer the effects of a combination of trees, grasses, and weeds, and their symptoms continue for the run of each of the pollinating seasons. A few people are allergic to virtually all greenery and sneeze from March to October.

Hay fever is worse in the morning when there is more pollen in the air. Symptoms will often change with the wind and the humidity. A clean breeze blowing in from the ocean frequently brings relief and so will an early morning rain that continues through the day. But a rain at night followed by a bright sunny day will send the hay-fever victim into a frenzy. And so will an emotional upset, utter fatigue, a pungent odor, or a quick change in temperature.

Continuous sneezing can leave the victim limp and exhausted. Worse than that it can, and has, caused dislocated collar bones, shoulders, and spines. It has perpetrated permanent injury to eyes and has even joggled a sufferer into a hernia. But some cases begin with such mild symptoms that people are inclined to dismiss a slightly running nose that comes each year at the same time as a "summer cold." In back of every case, mild or severe, however, there is always the six-in-ten chance of eventual asthma.

Medicine still offers no cure for hay fever, but there are some ways of getting relief. One of the most obvious methods is to separate the pollen from the patient or the patient from the pollen. It is possible but unfeasible to screen the bedroom from pollen or to equip the patient with a mask. More pleasantly, he can retire during the pollen seasons to parts of the country where the air has been scientifically tested and proven to be free of offense. Hay-fever-free resorts are an important part of the American vacation scheme.

Aside from physical escape, the patient can insure a fairly certain relief by undergoing what the medical profession prefers to call hyposensitization—or hay-fever shots. The patient is inoculated at regular intervals with an extract of the offending pollen. The "shots" are given, say, a week apart, and if the symptoms become milder the interval is lengthened. In many instances the interval of injection can be spread to once a month all during the year, a system of treatment called perennial therapy. Occasionally a semi-permanent immunity can be built up, and a hay-fever victim may be able to go several years without requiring further treatment.

—Frederic Lewis.

"... status still incurably quo."

An alternate method is the preseasonal treatment, begun several months before the pollen comes in and stopped at the end of the season. The system requires injections for life, and there is never a season when the patient is free of either the sneeze or the needle.

The first scientific description of hay fever is only 132 years old. It came in a paper called "A Case of Periodical Affection of Eyes and Chest" delivered by Dr. John Bostock before a London medical society. About the "beginning or middle of June in every year," the paper said, "a sensation of heat and fulness is experienced in the eyes ... redness and tears ... a most acute itching and smarting ..." The symptoms described by Bostock were his own, and he ascribed them to exposure to the summer sun. Bostock spent the next nine years searching England, turned up twenty-eight other cases, and wrote a second paper in 1829.

The same year another British doctor, named William Gordon, wrote a treatise called, "Observations on the Nature, Cause, and Treatment of Hay Asthma," in which he laid hay-fever symptoms to the smell of flowers. Between the two of them Bostock and Gordon alerted the public and people began to talk about "hay fever," "hay asthma," and "summer catarrh."

IT TOOK a patient of another doctor, John Elliotson, some years later to discount hay or the sun's rays or the aroma of flowers as the cause of hay fever. Pollen was the reason, the patient insisted, and Dr. Elliotson thought enough of the idea to announce it as his own. A Manchester doctor named Blackley, who was a sufferer himself, finally clinched the case. His children picked some grass, put it in a vase, and put the vase in a seldom-used room the doctor rarely entered. Quite by coincidence he walked into the room shortly afterwards, accidentally shook the vase, and suffered the violent reaction that he normally experienced only during the hay-fever season. Blackley wrote a paper in 1873 on symptoms and causes of fever, which the medical profession still considers accurate.

About the same time a doctor in Cambridge, Massachusetts, described ragweed, then called by the more exotic name of Roman wormwood, and noted that he always got relief during the pollinating season by retreating to the White Mountains. Once he took some ragweed to the mountains with him, inhaled it, and suffered all the symptoms he knew at home.

By 1876 the distinction was made in medical circles between the grass-pollen fever common in Europe and the weed-pollen fever of the United States. The same year, long before psychoanalytic terms came into vogue,

*ALLERGY. By Harry Swartz. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 210 pp. $2.75.

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SRL'S Checklist of Hay-Fever-Free Resorts

A selection of some areas in the United States and Canada reasonably free of most offending pollens, particularly ragweed.

Name of resort area	Location within state or province	Transportation from nearest large center	Type of available accommodations	Minimum to maximum rates	Recreational facilities
NEW YORK: CENTRAL ADIRONDACKS: Old Forge, Thendara, Eagle Bay, Inlet, Fourth Lake, Big Moose, Long Lake, Blue Mountain Lake, Raquette Lake, Otter Lake, McKeever, Inlet	North of Utica on NYS Hwy 28-365 (off NYS Hwy 5 or 12)	New York Central RR to Thendara, other stations of that RR's Adirondack Division; Rome-Utica-Blue Mountain Bus, with connections at Utica with Greyhound & Central N. Y. lines	Resort hotels, tourist homes, cottages	Hotel rates: $6 to $15 American plan	Canoeing, fishing, golf, tennis, bathing, horseback riding; most hotels have boats, including speedboats, available; trips on the scenic Fulton Chain of Lakes; organized recreation programs conducted by the larger resort hotels
THE CATSKILLS: Pine Hill, Big Indian-Oliverea, Phoenicia, Fleischmanns, Zena (Mostly in Ulster County, but portions of Greene, Sullivan, and Delaware Counties are included)	About 100 miles north of New York City	NY Central RR to Rhinecliff, ferry to Kingston, thence by bus; or, West Shore Division of NYC RR to Kingston, thence by bus	Every type—elaborate resort hotels, modest hotels, tourist homes, guest farms, dude ranches, cottages	American plan: $5 to $20 a day; dude ranches: about $65 a week; guest farms: $50 to $60 a week	All forms of recreation are readily available; resort areas without lakes have swimming pools; fine trout fishing; larger resorts (hotels and/or communities) have organized programs
MAINE: RANGELEY LAKES	Northwest	Train, plane, bus, auto via Boston and Portland	Hotels, sporting camps, tourist homes	$7 to $15 American plan	Golf, tennis, fishing, hunting, swimming, boating, hiking
OXFORD HILLS	Western	Same	Hotels, sporting camps, tourist homes	$7 to $15 American plan	Golf, tennis, fishing, hunting, swimming, boating, hiking
CENTRAL COASTAL	East Central	Same	Hotels, sporting camps, tourist homes	$7 to $15 American plan	Salt-water fishing, ocean bathing, golf, tennis, summer theatres
MOOSEHEAD LAKE	North Central	By air to Bangor; train to Newport Junction; state highways	Camps, resort hotels	$7 to $15 American plan	Lake fishing and swimming, golf, tennis, boating, summer theatre at Skowhegan
NEW HAMPSHIRE: WHITE MOUNTAINS	North Central	Route 3 via Boston; or rail	Large mountain resort hotels, some tourist homes	$6 to $20 a day American; some on European plan from $4 a day	Lake swimming, tennis, hiking, sight-seeing tours of mountains, mountain railway trips, ski-lift rides
VERMONT: STOWE	North	By rail to Waterbury, Vt.; Northeast Airlines and Colonial Airlines to Burlington Airport; Route 7 and 12 from New York	Resort hotels	$6 to $16 a day per person American plan	Golf at Stowe Country Club, trail-walking, chair-lift up Mount Mansfield, tennis
MARYLAND: OAKLAND — DEEP CREEK LAKE AREA	Garrett County	Baltimore and Ohio RR	Cabins, camps, small inns, cottage colonies	$5 to $8 a day American; cabins and cottages at $8 to $40 a week end, $4 a day, or about $50 a week	Motor boating, sailing, swimming, lake fishing, (trout season ends July 15), golf, tennis, picnicking
FLORIDA: MIAMI BEACH	Southeast shore	Rail to Miami; air from New York and the Midwest	Luxury hotels	$7 to $15 a day European plan	Ocean bathing, deep-sea fishing, sunbathing, golf, sight-seeing, water excursions
MISSISSIPPI: GULF COAST: Pascagoula, Ocean Springs, Biloxi, Gulfport, Pass Christian, and Bay St. Louis	Southern part of Mississippi along the Gulf of Mexico	Auto and bus—Route 90 along coast, Route 11 from the East, Route 49 from West; by air to Gulfport or Pascagoula; also rail to all centers	Resort hotels, motor courts and cottages	$5 to $12 double $2.50 to $6 single European plan	Swimming in the Gulf of Mexico, sunbathing, fishing (salt and fresh-water), sailing, horseback riding, golfing, tennis, shuffleboard, sight-seeing—old forts, ante-bellum homes—photography
MICHIGAN: PRESQUE ISLE	Northeastern shore of lower peninsula	Rail from Detroit; bus or car via Bay City; ferry steamer from Detroit to Sault Ste Marie, then car	Lodges, cottages	$4 to $5 daily, American plan, in lodges; $50 weekly in cottages; $35 weekly housekeeping cottages	Perch and bass fishing; woodland trails; beach, bathing; canoe trips through rapids
ALPENA	Northern part of eastern shore, lower peninsula	Same	Housekeeping cottages (meals available)	$35 to $50 weekly with boat	Bass, pike, perch fishing; boating, bathing; golf, riding, hunting, dancing
MACKINAC (Including Mackinac Island)	Southeastern end of upper peninsula	Great Lakes steamer to Sault Ste Marie; ferry steamer from Detroit to St. Ignace or state ferry from Mackinaw City to St. Ignace	Housekeeping cottages Hotels Tourist homes	$20 to $45 wkly $2 to $8 daily. Add $5 per person per day for meals $3 daily, up	Bass, pike, perch, trout fishing; hunting, bathing, hiking, lawn games, golf, historical sights
CHIPPEWA	Northeastern shore of upper peninsula	Same	Lodges, de luxe cabins	$50 to $130 weekly, American plan	Deep-sea (Lake Superior) fishing, sand beaches, hunting, trail walks, excursions
MINNESOTA: ARROWHEAD AREA	Northeast section along northern shore of Lake Superior	Great Lakes steamer to Port Arthur—Fort William, then Route 61; train, bus, car via Duluth	Housekeeping cottages	$25 to $75 a week for the cottage	Fishing, hiking trails, sight-seeing, hunting

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Name of resort area	*Location within state or province*	*Transportation from nearest large center*	*Type of available accommodations*	*Minimum to maximum rates*	*Recreational facilities*
BEMIDIJI	North Central	Rail, car, or bus from Duluth via Route 2	Hotels, cottages	$10.50 to $15, American	Fishing, canoeing, golf, hunting, visits to the Indian reservation, state park
PARK RAPIDS	North Central	Via Duluth or Route 10 and 371 from Minneapolis	Cottages	$2 to $7 room only, housekeeping cottages $25 to $75 a week	Fishing, caoneing, golf, hunting, visits to the Indian reservation, state park
DETROIT LAKES	West Central	Rail, or auto or bus via Route 10 from Minneapolis	Town hotels, cottages, hotels on lakes	$2 to $7 room only $25 to $75 a week for cottages $7 to $15 in American plan hotels	Fishing in 400 lakes, golf, boating, Indian villages, duck and deer hunting
WISCONSIN: DOOR COUNTY	Northeast - between Lake Michigan and Green Bay	Train, bus, auto	American plan resort hotels, cabins, commercial hotels, motels, tourist homes	American plan $35 to $75 a week	Fishing, boating, hiking, golf, swimming, scenic and historic sight-seeing
BAYFIELD PENINSULA And the Apostle Islands	North, on Lake Superior	Train, bus, auto	American plan resort hotels, cabins, commercial hotels, motels, tourist homes	American plan $35 to $75 a week	Fishing, boating, hiking, golf, swimming, scenic and historic sight-seeing
NORTHERN HIGHLAND AREA	Lake country near the Michigan border	Train, bus, auto	American plan resort hotels, cabins, commercial hotels, motels, tourist homes	American plan $35 to $75 a week	Fishing, boating, hiking, golf, swimming, scenic and historic sight-seeing
SOUTH DAKOTA: BLACK HILLS	Extreme west	Serviced by Chicago Northwestern, Chicago Milwaukee and Burlington railroads; six bus lines; and Western Airlines to Rapid City and Deadwood	Cottages Motels Commercial hotels Inns and guest ranches Camping facilities	From $2.50 single From $4 single From $2 $5 to $10 American plan Nominal charge	National Forest — sight-seeing, picnicking; horseback riding, swimming, rodeos, Black Hills Passion Play, Mount Rushmore mountain sculptures
MONTANA: GLACIER NATIONAL PARK	Northwest	Railroad — Great Northern; by auto — 1,635 miles from Chicago; bus	Hotels, chalets cabins	$6 to $13.50	Sight-seeing, fishing, hiking, boating, horseback riding
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK	On south border	Railroad; by auto or bus—1,435 miles from Chicago	Hotels, lodges cabins	$4.25 to $14	Sight-seeing, fishing, hiking, boating, riding
FLATHEAD LAKE	Northwest, south of Glacier Park	Railroad; by auto or bus —1,670 miles from Chicago	Hotels, motels	$5 to $10	Fishing, boating, bathing, riding, hiking—dude ranches
COLORADO: ESTES PARK VILLAGE 7,549 altitude	North Central	Via bus or auto—67 miles from Denver over US 87	Hotels, motels, dude ranches, lodges	$6 to $15.50 per day American plan	Entrance to Rocky Mountain National Park
GRAND LAKE 8,380 altitude	West entrance to Rocky Mountain National Park, North Central	Highway US 40 from Denver, daily rail service by Rio Grande RR; bus service	Dude ranches, hotels, lodges, park campgrounds	$6 to $14.50 American plan	Boating on Grand Lake, highest yacht anchorage in the world; center of scenic vacation region
COLORADO SPRINGS 5,900 altitude	Eastern slope	US Highways 85-87 from Denver — 70 miles; five railroads into city	Cosmopolitan hotels, ranches, lodges, motels	$10 to $63 American plan	Center of Pikes Peak region, Manitou, Pikes Peak, Cripple Creek, Garden of the Gods
LEADVILLE 10,152 altitude	Central	Rio Grande RR; bus; US Highway 24—93 miles from Colo. Springs	Hotel, dude ranches, motels, lodges	$2 to $3 European plan	Fishing, hunting, recreation, Twin Lakes, historical mining camps
ASPEN 7,900 altitude	Western slope	US 24 and State 82	Hotels, motels, lodges, dude ranches, guest cottages	$8 to $16.50 American plan	Center of old ghost towns, famous ski region; world's longest ski-lift, winter and summer; trail-riding and pack trips; some of the West's most spectacular scenery, excellent fishing and hunting.
CANADA: NOVA SCOTIA	Yarmouth	Steamship from Boston. Train, bus, air from Halifax	De luxe hotels, tourist homes, cabins	$2 a day European to $15 daily American	Sailing, big-game salt-water fishing, hiking, swimming
	Cape Breton Island	Air, rail, bus, ship from New York, Boston, Toronto, or Halifax	Same	Same	Swimming, sailing, woodland walks, Scottish festivals
QUEBEC	Gaspé	Rail via Quebec City, bus tours from Mont Joli, car via Route 10	Small hotels, luxury cabins	$8 to $15 daily American	Boat trips; visits to bird sanctuary, French villages, codfish plants; hiking, swimming
	Murray Bay	Boat from Montreal	Luxury hotel	$15 daily American	Golf, tennis, swimming
ONTARIO	The Nipigon	By car or rail; Duluth to Port Arthur, or lake steamer to Port Arthur then car or CNR	Small hotels Lodges Cottages	$2 up $7 daily American $5 daily	Moose, geese, duck hunting, fishing, scenery
	Canadian Lakehead	Steamers from Duluth, Detroit, and the East. On Transcontinental Route 17; TCA plane service	Commercial hotels, Motels Tourist homes Housekeeping cottages	$1.50 up $4 up $2.50 up $21 weekly	Fishing and hunting trips, natural wonders, golf

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YOUR HAY FEVER AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

by HARRY SWARTZ, M.D. Fellow of the American College of Allergists; formerly Chief, Allergy Department, Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey; Author of "Allergy—What It Is and What to do About It."

Written by a specialist, this authoritative new book provides a thorough basis for understanding the true nature of hay fever in its various seasonal and non-seasonal forms. The book describes in detail the hay-fever-causing pollens, their structure, chemical constitution, role in nature and in hay fever. It describes simply the different trees, grasses and weeds responsible for these pollens, and locates them geographically.

Two important chapters for the direct aid of the hay-fever victim include rules and regulations to be followed during the time of trouble, and escape areas both within and without the United States. In addition, because the condition called "sinus" is so prevalent and is very frequently a form of hay fever, ordinarily non-seasonal in character, this ailment is reviewed. Information is also given on the antihistaminics, drugs and other aids used in treatment. Finally, various myths about hay fever are exploded and a short section is included on the public health and community aspects of the malady.

182 Pages, 4 charts and one 2-page map of pollen distribution through the United States. At all bookstores $2.75.

FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

a New York doctor claimed that hay fever was a neurosis. He meant that it came from a disturbance of the nerves rather than a mental condition.

Hay-fever symptons, however, like those of other allergies, have been mentally induced. At least one doctor purposefully displayed a chart showing an extraordinarily high pollen count on a day when the count was unusually low. A roomful of his patients who looked at it all showed up with extreme hay-fever symptoms. Another doctor produced the evidences of rose fever in a lady patient by inviting her to smell a rose which proved on later inspection to be wax.

Hay-fever therapy, like the treatments for many another malady, has followed the medical mode of the day. After the turn of the century, when immunization was the prevailing popular thought, scientists believed that pollen secreted a sort of toxin, and they set about discovering an antitoxin as they had for smallpox, diphtheria, yellow fever, and tetanus. In 1910 a "cure" called Pollatin was placed on the aarket, made from the serum of animals injected with pollen. Graminal, a "cure" which followed, was made from the serum of cattle fed upon pollen-filled fodder. Actually if pollen produced a toxin anybody who inhaled a whiff of pollinated air would come down with hay fever.

With the arrival of the anti-histamines came benadryl and pyribenzamine in 1946. Both drugs frequently give rapid and prolonged relief from hay fever as long as they are used. They can also induce, like the cold-checking anti-histamines that appeared shortly afterwards, sleepiness and dizziness often severe enough to obviate the original benefits. Nor have anti-histamines been able to arrest hay fever in the nose and prevent it from spreading to asthma in the chest.

The sure cure for hay fever is still in the test tube for, while the new devices do give relief from the runny nose, the red eyes, the itchy nose, and the scourge of the sneeze, the status of the patient's internal condition still remains incurably quo.

—HORACE SUTTON.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 16)

dreams, illusions. There is gentle irony here and laughter; and there is sadness, for many of the tales convey a mood of non-belonging and alienation. Only two stories deal with anti-Semitism, none with Zionism. All of them have a strong identity with America and could have been written only by Americans of Jewish descent. Harold U. Ribalow, who has made a thorough study of the subject matter, has chosen wisely and courageously. He has written a scholarly introduction sketching in briefly the history of Jewish fiction in this country.

This reviewer liked best Irwin Shaw's "Act of Faith," a war story; Yuri Suhl's "With the Aid of the One Above," a warm, humorous tale about an immigrant; Louis Zara's symbolic and terrifying "Resurgam"; Howard Fast's "Where Are Your Guns?"; Victor Ullman's "A Message for Harold," about a mother whose boy has gone off to war; and Victor Wolfson's "The Purification of Thelma Augenstern," a story about a highly cultured woman with a neurotic sense of non-belonging.

Among the other writers represented in this rich volume are Charles Angoff, Jo Sinclair, Arthur Kober, Ludwig Lewisohn, Waldo Frank, Jerome Weidman, Leonard Q. Ross, and Meyer Levin.

—LOUIS FALSTEIN.

MISS DOCTOR. By Elizabeth Seifert. Dodd, Mead. $3. Elizabeth Seifert, who won the Dodd, Mead-Redbook $10,000 prize with "Young Dr. Galahad," has been writing successful medical romances ever since. In this one Dr. Mollie Brooks, beautiful and, we are told, intelligent, is so completely under the influence of Nicholas Cowan (Nobel Prize winner) that she cannot buy a dress without his approval. Cowan is selfish, petty, pompous, and intolerant. His yardstick for judging a person is whether or not he knows the right wines or is addicted to doilies. This peevish prig has only one rival to Miss Doctor's affections and reacts toward him with consistent patronage. To Mollie, however, he seems throughout the book to be the epitome of virtue and wisdom.

Miss Seifert's hospital background—though submerged—is excellent. Her characterizations are interesting. Yet she does little in this story but extol the advantages of "sophistication," as exemplified by Dr. Cowan. The popularity of her books is surprising, for she incessantly belittles the audience for which she writes. It probably doesn't know Chateau Yquem from cider or care to, but Miss Seifert skips gaily from Caesareans to cocktail parties, merrily kicking the audience in the teeth. Apparently this is slight discouragement in comparison to the romantic interest her novels offer.

—CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
AS THEY REVELED *Philip Wylie* (Avon: 25¢)	A tangle of love affairs and shattered marriages among young marrieds summering in the New York estate belt.	Bright, light, smart. Good summertime entertainment.
CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER *C. S. Forester* (Bantam: 35¢)	Derring-do on a British ship of the line during the Napoleonic Wars.	Rattling good yarn, masterly study of the actual workings of a first-rate naval mind.
THE CITADEL *A. J. Cronin* (Bantam: 35¢)	Character study of a young Scottish physician who rises from an assistantship in a Welsh mining town to a fashionable London practice.	Memorable scenes and people. Ranks with the best of the novels about doctors.
FACE OF A HERO *Louis Falstein* (Pocket: 25¢)	The story of the ten-man crew of an American bomber flying out of a Southern Italian base during World War II.	Tense, coarse, authentic. One of the most mature novels ever written about the Air Force.
THE GREAT MOUTHPIECE *Gene Fowler* (Bantam: 35¢)	The escapades of William J. Fallon, colorful lawyer who knew his way around New York's underworld, told in conversational, almost fictionalized style.	Discursive, salty, entertaining picture of another era.
KNEEL TO THE RISING SUN AND OTHER STORIES *Erskine Caldwell* (Signet: 25¢)	Fifteen short stories of rape, murder, and lesser violence among Southern poor whites.	Almost all are arresting and gripping, but only one or two are well-rounded stories, the others slight vignettes or anecdotes.
THE NARROW CORNER *Somerset Maugham* (Bantam: 25¢)	Three vagabonds of the sea take shelter on a small Pacific island, bringing romance and tragedy with them.	A conventional plot swiftly and slickly told. Notable for its characterizations and ironic philosophy.
NO HIGHWAY *Nevil Shute* (Dell: 25¢)	A shy little British aeronautical worker goes to investigate the crash of a plane in the Labrador wilderness. Melodrama and romance follow inevitably.	Literate entertainment. Absorbing, slightly implausible plot peopled by pasteboard characters.
RED BONE WOMAN *Carlyle Tillery* (Avon: 25¢)	A Louisiana white widower of good family takes unto himself as housekeeper and wife a woman of the dubious "Red Bone" tribe.	Highly original material told warmly, at times beautifully.
REPENT IN HASTE *John P. Marquand* (Bantam: 25¢)	Newspaper correspondent investigates the causes of the breakup of a war marriage for the benefit of one of its partners, a young flyer in the Pacific.	Moving, convincing story told with customary Marquand skill. Within its modest scope, masterly.
WILD IS THE RIVER *Louis Bromfield* (Bantam: 35¢)	Skirmishes between Yankee soldiers and proud Creole belles in Civil War New Orleans.	Packed canvas, vivid colors, extravagant tale so slickly told it holds reader's interest.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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BELLES-LETTRES

(Continued from page 23)

tinct. Whatever literary material exists in the development of Texas and the West Coast and in the new wealth of the Mississippi Valley cannot be used by men who left home to go to war and who have never returned physically or spiritually.

One of Mr. Adams's most interesting chapters is called Women and Fiction, in which he pays tribute to a few modern writers and protests that "the emotional factor often plays too great a part in the woman novelist's handling of her male characters" and that men writers are also betrayed in this fashion. Their heroines often belong to opposite poles, the docile and passionate dream-girl and the bitch. He believes that there must be a reconciliation between men and women and that this will be one of the great themes for writers during the remainder of this century. This is a fruitful suggestion if it is true that men are finding "their maleness bankrupt as a spiritual force" so that they long for the assistance of women. Nevertheless, one of the most persistent of dramatic themes is the conflict between male and female natures: woman as the tempter, the scapegoat, or an idol to worship, man as the triumphant seducer or the victim. It is doubtful whether they will make peace with each other in as brief a time as the next fifty years.

There are other admirable and suggestive chapters, and throughout his book Mr. Adams is pleading that the modern writer must have a sense of responsibility. "What our writers can and must do," he says, "if man's heritage on this planet is not to be lost forever is to remind him of what he can and must be if he is to survive as a species." He asks for an ethical standard, for the emergence of the individual again in literature instead of the stereotypes with which we are now familiar. He wishes for a literature of confidence and hope such as the Elizabethan or the Victorian. "We have already had one literary generation," he says, "which surrendered to fears; it called itself 'The Lost Generation.' Let us not have another." He hopes for an American war novel which will give the picture of man in totality with a sense of his own dignity as a human being rather than the "Freudian-Mammalian conception of the infantryman provided by such writers as Norman Mailer." This is a hopeful book, and to all of it the reader can only say, "Amen," however doubtful he may be that the spiritual changes Mr. Adams is looking toward will come to pass.

Belles-Lettres Notes

A GUIDE TO CREATIVE WRITING. By Roger H. Garrison. Holt. $2.95. What, you say, another textbook on writing? Yes, but hold on: this one's different. It wins respect by reason of its own readability. It inspires confidence by performance.

Mr. Garrison conducts (teaches is the wrong word) creative writing courses at Briarcliff Junior College; his book is the product of experience and intelligence. But though it derives from classroom discussion, it is refreshingly devoid of pedantry. It has the quality of round-table give-and-take, of informed conversation born of the workshop. Mr. Garrison knows his stuff well enough to keep his own alive.

His book is based on the sound premise that back of creative writing is creative thinking. How do you encourage creative thinking? What are the tools of craftsmanship and what are some of the methods best suited to develop their most effective manipulation? What is form? Where does the aspiring writer find his material?

These are but a few of the large questions met and discussed by the author. The full answer, of course,

"Those who mourn for Thomas Wolfe

may well look to Frank Borden Hanes for the poetry and insight into the people of our land that was Wolfe's great achievement."

—*Charlotte, N. C. News*

"Mr. Hanes has accomplished the almost impossible. His *Abel Anders* has the character delineation, the plot development and the dramatic sweep of a good novel. It also has the lyric qualities and vivid imagery of expressive modern verse."—WALTER SPEARMAN, *The Literary Lantern* $2.75

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH AIN'T COMMERCIAL *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.50)	The six Harrison "brothers" wow the bobby-soxers—but can't keep murder from breaking into their harmony act high in a Manhattan tower. Homicide's Inspector Schmitt isn't impressed; his own act finds a criminal.	Probably not too far from real picture of the band racket and the swooned-to-success boys—but just as tiresome as the prototypes.	Not recommended
THE POLKADOT MURDER *Frances Crane* (Random House: $2.50)	Sheriff Trask gets skilful help from Pat Abbott, vacationing in artistic Santa Maria, in maze involving handsome psychotic, gangster's widow, killing plus kidnaping. Polkadot dog shines.	Hollywood-cum-Santa Fe, artists both screwy and sensible, the desert—all neatly caught in the lively style given to Mrs. Pat to narrate.	Grade A
ALTHEA *Margaret McDonell* (Crime Club: $2.50)	All was charm and fortune for Althea and her mother in their comfortable California lives; but the idyl breaks with rivalry between Althea's suitors and finally bewildering murder—Althea accused and mother harrowed.	Ingenious telling and plot, but with the sort of female blindness and nicety involved that irritate; but impatient or not you'll have to finish it.	Well-managed suspense

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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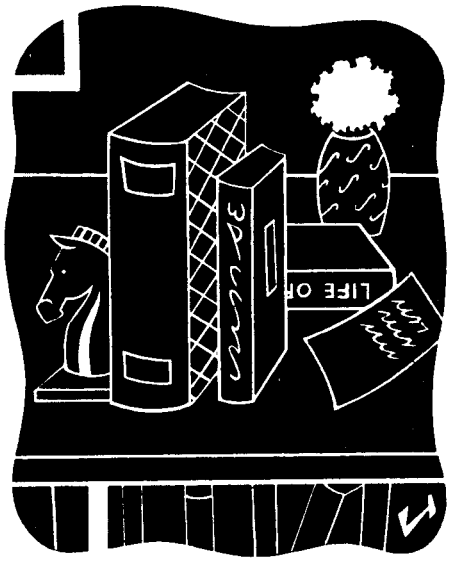

must be provided by the individual in relation to his own special talent and experience. Mr. Garrison is at every point, as his title suggests, an able guide. He is clear, concrete, and, above all, kindling.

The workshop exercises he suggests at the ends of chapters are not only a test of the writer's ability; they also test his character. Those who like only to talk about their writing will skip them and go on making talk. The writer, however, will pile in; endurance as well as enthusiasm is part of his equipment. Mr. Garrison helps by outlining a method of work. The would-be writer might begin his exciting chores by taking himself round to the bookstore, buying, studying, and applying this book. —CHARLES LEE.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by Lionel Trilling. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. This volume is an auspicious beginning for a new series of great letters. Such a project is badly needed, for it presents to the common reader one of the most delightful of literary types. Usually the standard editions of letter-writers exist in formidable scholarly completeness or—if out of print—in clumsy and inaccurate Victorian editions. Of all the branches of writing the letter is one of the most appealing and should be easily available. It is the most human type, to begin with, in the sense that it is universally practised—by literate as well as literary folk. It is the most varied, too, for to the letter-writer there are no keep-off signs (as there may be in more exacting literary exercises), and he can range over the limitless bounds of innocence and experience.

With Keats we have a rare case of a great poet who is a great letter-writer, and, as Professor Trilling remarks in his admirable introduction, Keats's charm is inexhaustible. What is most remarkable about the letters in general is that in them we see a naked mind and sensibility. He does not sheathe his ideas but lets them drop off his pen with a startling intimacy. We forget that he is separated from us by time and other barriers, and we come as close to his candid mind as is possible through the printed word.

There are several fresh features in this edition. The letters are arranged in three groups, each introduced by a brief biographical statement to fit them in the sequence of Keats's life, and at the beginning is a series of thumbnail sketches to identify his correspondents. Then, the text of the letters reprints that of the standard edition of Maurice Buxton Forman, retaining the original spelling, punctuation, and abbreviations of Keats's manuscripts. In his case it was a wise decision, for the reader is soon accustomed to the unorthodox usage; and the individuality of the writer is strengthened, the timbre of mood particularized. And, finally, one of the main treats of the volume is Professor Trilling's long introduction, a brilliant analysis of Keats's mind, personality, and stature.

JUST AS IT HAPPENED. By Newman Flower. Morrow. $4. In his long career Sir Newman Flower has been an editor of magazines, an editor of a publishing house (Cassell), and a biographer of Handel, Sullivan, and Schubert. But it is as a book editor that he gathers the material for these reminiscences. They are a succession of glimpses of writers and other celebrities. Henley and Stevenson, Hardy, Kitty O'Shea, Lily Langtry, Oscar Wilde, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Stephen Zweig are some of the people he met or knew. But he did not know any of them intimately enough to give us more than a superficial glimpse of them; he does not see into their personalities more deeply than, say, a gossip columnist.

The main part of his story is himself and his climb to success. Although one may read this with sympathy it is not so exciting to the spectator as it was to the climber. More specifically, his book is marred by two faults, one his own and one *his* editor's. He cultivates the anecdote, as served up in after-dinner speeches, with relentless regularity, and even the good ones are marred by this monotony. His editor's fault is that the book lacks an index, which is certainly required in such a potpourri.

ROBERT BURNS. By David Daiches. Rinehart. $3.50. As a poet and as a man Burns enjoys a reputation which is secure, universal, and often inaccurate. Very useful, then, is David Daiches's solid little book; it is a first-rate critical study of the poetry and of the man who produced it. He presents an introductory chapter on the Scottish literary tradition, which explains much that is strange in Burns's work. Poetically he was caught between two worlds, a vernacular folk literature of Scotland and a formal genteel literature of England. His writing swings from one to the other and often combines both. Such a dichotomy is a suggestive one when applied to Burns, where Professor Daiches deals with it

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most persuasively. It can also be a suggestive one when applied to other literatures where a local cultural tradition—an underground one, so to speak—contends with one superimposed by political or social forces.

The rest of the book is a judicious balance of biography and critical comment on Burns's poetry, with emphasis on the latter. The roles of Burns as lover, as drunkard, and as illiterate ploughboy are carefully analyzed to disentangle the fiction from the man. In his discussion of the poet and of the poetry, which is dealt with in great detail, the author's knowledge of Scotch life and traditions is enormously helpful. His study is not only an enlightening book but an agreeable one as reading.

THE ABC OF READING. By Ezra Pound. New Directions. $1.50. This is a lively, entertaining, and sometimes instructive excursion into literary criticism. In the first of two long sections Pound explains what he understands to be the meaning and purpose of literature. "Language is a means of communication," he states at one point. What would be platitude from another is revelation from him. In his exposition he offers some brilliant observations and insights about poetry; and his general disregard or contempt of academic opinion is refreshing. But his shortcoming — one may discount his pugnacity and crank opinions — is that he deals in fragments; that is, he splutters a series of observations and analyses which are individually coherent, but which do not fuse into a progressive or developing discussion.

The second section of his book is an anthology of poetic exhibits which illustrate his theories; these selections, as one might expect, are off the track of most anthologies. His emphasis on European and vernacular instead of insular British literature is a reminder of areas usually neglected by English readers. And, finally, he gives a short essay on metrics whose main theme is a musical one.

This is a reprinting of a book that originally appeared some years ago, but as with others of their reprints the publishers do not supply the date. It would be a small concession to those readers who suffer from an academic taste for chronology.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 902)

MARGUERITE HIGGINS:
WAR IN KOREA

(The Report of a Woman Combat Correspondent)

In his book, "Strategic Problems of China's Revolutionary War," Mao Tse-tung included a remark which we would do well to remember: "A Soviet war lasting ten years may be surprising to other countries, but to us this is only the preface."

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
FOCUS ON CLARINET		
WEBER: CLARINET CONCERTI #1 IN F MINOR; #2 IN E FLAT. Alois Heine; Mozarteum Orch., P. Walter. Period SPLP 529	▶ Close, deadish, rather nakedly revealing recording —one can even hear the clarinetist's fingers! Tends to give exaggerated impression of poor ensemble.	These succeed the now popular Clarinet Concertino — two bright, dramatic works, wonderful listening if hardly great. Usual catchy Weber tunes.
MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET, K. 581. Augustin Duques, quartet (Eidus, Green, Zir, Ricci). MOZART: HORN QUINTET, K. 407. Ottavio DeRosa; quartet (above). Stradivari STR 601	▶ Dull in the highs and the surfaces are punk, but the recording, a bit distant and fairly live, is nevertheless quite nice to the music in both works. Good balance.	These two clarinet quintets are so utterly unlike in recorded sound that musical judgment is easily confused. I prefer by a bit the Duques version (and the horn is nice, too), though the Lyricord Forrest version will sound far more impressive on fancy machines. (Neither version is as juicy as the Kell playing on old 78's. Just as well!)
MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET, K. 581. Sidney Forrest; Galimir Quartet, Lyrichord LL 10	▶ Utterly unlike above — sharp, hi-fi recording, very close, string sharp, clarinet, tinny. Good sense of presence, though.	
HINDEMITH: CLARINET SONATA (1939). Sidney Forrest; Benjamin Topas. Lyrichord LL 15 (with Piano Sonata #3)	▶ Same hi-fi, rather flatly tinny clarinet sound as Mozart (immediately above); the piano is excellent, if a bit in the background. (It's not as effective as a solo with this microphoning. Too far away, acoustically.) In the songs the voice is also slightly off-mike, distant. Not bad.	A solidly academic Hindemith, at least in this performance; much expressive canonic writing, a well built, non-startling work. Last movement nicely humorous.
BERG: FOUR PIECES FOR CLARINET AND PIANO; PIANO SONATA, OP. 1; SEVEN EARLY SONGS; SONGS, OP. 2. Sydney Forrest, Benjamin Tupas, Catherine Rowe (sop.). Lyrichord LL 13		Same outward medium and recording—utterly different music! Here is the mystic, post-Wagner, post-Mahler Berg, ranging from rather sentimental early songs through the moody, nightmare sincerity of the dissonant short clarinet works. If you dislike Hindemith you'll probably esteem this.
IVES: VIOLIN SONATA #2; FOUR PIECES FOR CHAMBER ORCH.; CLARINET TRIO: LARGO. E. Magaziner, vl.; Frank Glazer, pf.; David Weber, clarinet. Polymusic PRLP 1001	▶ A good recording, wide range but less sharp, better liveness than the above Lyrichords; takes fine advantage of the bewilderingly brilliant Ives tone colorings. As pure sound, a good record to try.	An excellent cross-section of the mercurial, eccentric Ives — always the unexpected, seldom the consistent, with flashes of genius, great originality combined with much corn, noisily arbitrary dissonance, programmatic hokum. A challenging, irritating record!
PIANO BRAHMS AND SCHUMANN		
SCHUMANN - BRAHMS RECITAL. ("Papillons," Toccata; Intermezzi, Op. 117, 118, 119, etc.) Gyorgy Sandor. Columbia ml 4375	▶ Columbia's best. Still a trace of percussive sound, but the over-all effect is liquid, natural, very free of flutter.	I have nothing but enthusiasm for Sandor's Brahms and Schumann, warm, musical, modest, nicely fluent and unheavy.
BRAHMS: THREE INTERMEZZI; TWO RHAPSODIES. Wilhelm Kempff. London LPS 205	▶ Closer, softer-toned, more massive piano than Columbia's—yet still a bit percussive. Excellent, flutter-free.	Heavier, more Germanic playing of Brahms, but an authentic tradition and very musically done. A fine record.
SCHUMANN: PIANO SONATA #2; "KINDERSCENEN." Jacqueline Blancard. Vanguard VRS 415	▶ Excellent piano, brilliant but never percussive; only fault is (as in other Vanguards) over-recording of loudest parts occasionally.	Blancard's Schumann is good. I'd say her miniatures are best — "Kinderscenen." The sonata is a bit unplastic. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

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(Continued on page 50)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 903

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

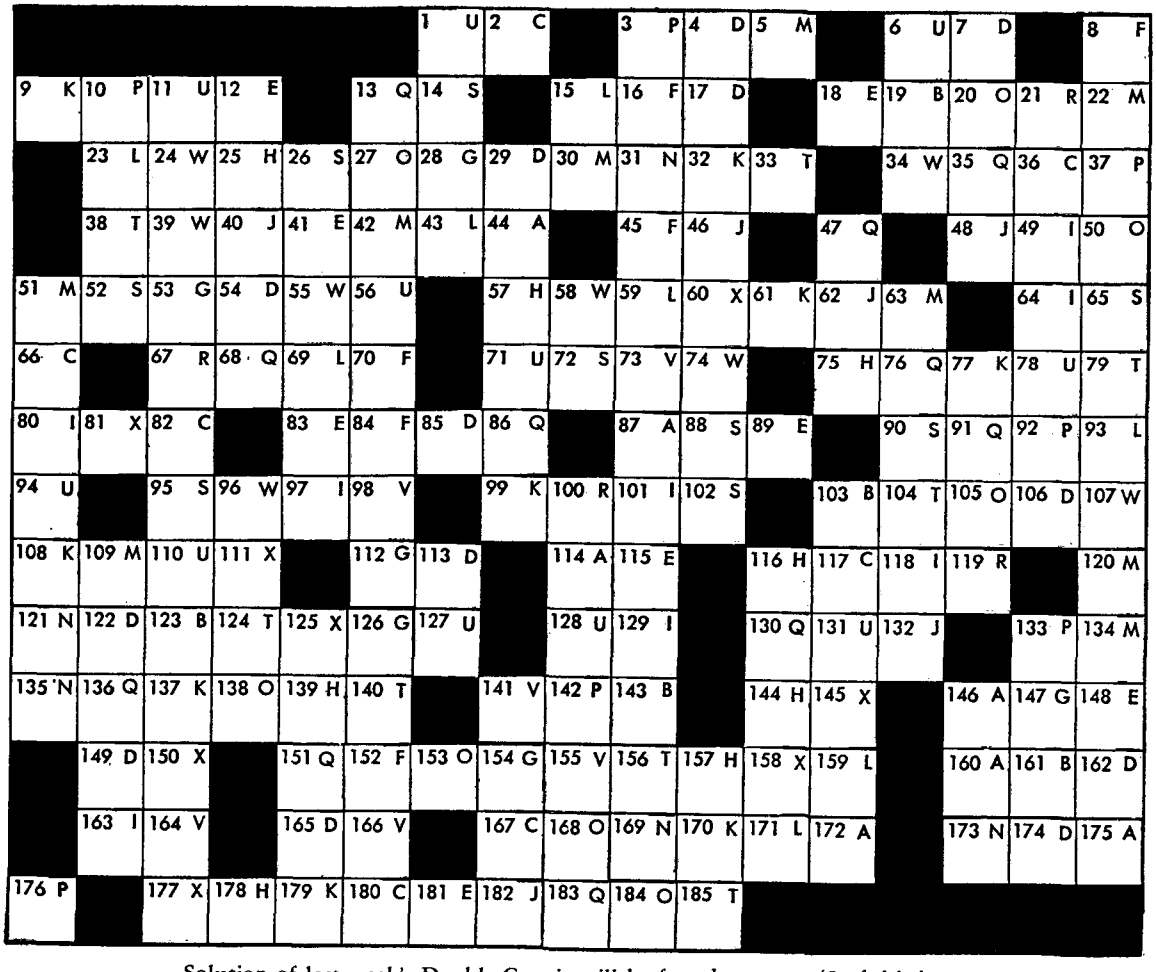
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Duke of Norfolk in "Richard II."	146 114 87 160 175 44 172
B. Sunnite Mohammedans of Iranian language (Turkey in Asia).	123 161 19 143 103
C. Historical novel, 1930, by current American novelist (1885-).	36 167 117 82 66 2 180
D. Prefaced by "Count," title of a novel by Sir Walter Scott.	17 85 149 174 4 162 7 54 106 122 29 165 113
E. First name of the poet Spenser called a "well of English undefyled."	18 181 89 115 83 41 12 148
F. A popular work by Sir Thomas More.	16 70 84 8 45 152
G. American painter of portraits of Washington still extant.	126 28 112 147 53 154
H. American poet, Pulitzer Prize winner, 1932; former Librarian of Congress.	25 75 57 139 157 144 116 178
I. Pertaining to the setting sun; westward.	49 118 80 64 129 163 101 97
J. Scatters.	46 132 62 40 48 182
K. Heroine of opera by Massenet based on story by Goethe.	108 99 137 9 170 179 32 61 77
L. Pertaining to the grinding or biting surface of a tooth (anat. and dent.).	15 43 23 171 59 159 69 93

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Nickname for Chicago (2 wds.).	120 42 22 51 63 134 30 109 5
N. One of a class of bards in Wales who had graduated in bardism and were approved by a session of bards.	31 173 169 135 121
O. With "City," applied to Ancient Rome.	50 27 184 168 138 20 105 153
P. Large armadillo of tropical South America.	3 133 37 10 92 142 176
Q. Improvident (comp.).	35 47 130 86 13 183 76 91 136 151 68
R. Eskimo settlement in Greenland, point of departure of polar expeditions.	21 67 100 119
S. National Monument in Utah and Colorado: prehistoric towers, pueblos, etc.	88 14 72 102 65 90 52 95 26
T. In a constraining manner.	104 124 185 38 33 79 156 140
U. National Monument in Wyoming: volcanic rock tower, 1,200 ft. high (2 wds.).	94 110 11 128 56 127 6 131 1 71 78
V. Popular soprano of Metropolitan Opera, radio, etc.	166 164 155 141 73 98
W. To surpass in virulence.	58 55 34 96 107 74 24 39
X. The "Abbey" family home of Lord Byron.	60 150 177 158 145 125 81 111

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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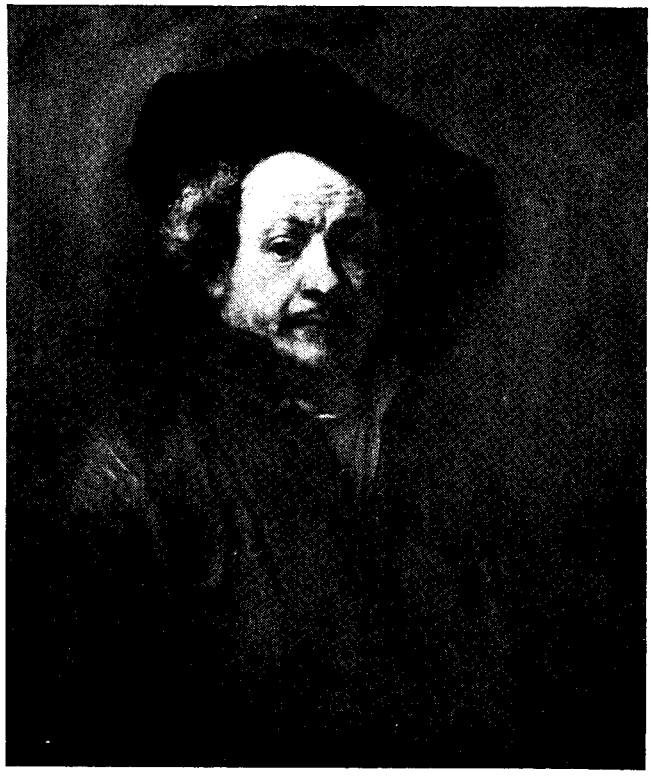

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